

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. L

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1927

NUMBER 638

Contents

The Week	1
Editorials	
Agrarian State Socialism.....	4
Censorship as Self-Control.....	5
General Articles	
Whose Property Is Kellogg Protecting?.....	8
.....Carleton Beals	
Consumers in Wonderland—IV.....	
.....Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink	12
Washington Notes.....	T. R. B. 15
Primitive Negro Sculpture.....	Stark Young 17
A Number of Things.....	18
Sour Notes on Sweet Songs.....	Abbe Niles 19
Correspondence	20
Reviews of Books	
Yeats's Memoirs.....	Edmund Wilson 22
Goodness, Beauty, Truth.....	T. V. Smith 23
Humbert Wolfe.....	Elling Aannestad 24
Chipping Some More Gilt Off the Frame.....	
.....Lawrence S. Morris	25
A Pioneer Student of the Ants.....	
.....Alfred Edwards Emerson	25
The First Psychological Novel in English.....	
.....John M. Manly	26
Current Fiction.....	26

The Week

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S effort to bring about a further limitation of naval armaments, particularly with respect to cruisers and submarines, will probably fail. France has always resented the treatment which she received from the Washington Conference in 1922, and she will block now, as she did then, any proposal to limit the construction of cruisers and submarines. Her statesmen contend now, as they did then, that warships are a part of a whole system of armament and cannot be discussed separately from military preparedness. In an armed world, it is not fair to ask a state with a strong army but a weak navy to abandon the construction of defensive craft, such as submarines and cruisers. The French opposition may not, however, be fatal to Mr. Coolidge's attempt to prevent a revival of unprofitable and irritating competition in ship-building. France and Italy are not financially able, even if they were willing, to take advantage

of their franchise to build unlimited quantities of submarines and cruisers. Why should not Great Britain and Japan reach an agreement to limit construction, which will remain binding unless and until any other power proposes to build cruisers or submarines in quantities sufficient to threaten the security of Great Britain's or Japan's communications? An agreement of this kind seems to go as far as it is possible to go at present.

IT is a sad fact that the work of disarmament which was begun with so much hope and success in 1922 has not since then been carried any further, but obviously it cannot be carried much further until powerful nations impose rules of fair dealing on themselves in their transactions with comparatively impotent nations. The treatment which Germany has received since she was disarmed after the Armistice can hardly be considered a demonstration of the advantages of military and naval unpreparedness. The European owners of concessions in China would never even consider the modification of the treaty rights which they had obtained by force until China armed, and they could no longer afford to exert the necessary military pressure. Finally, the United States would not be so eager to impose its conception of property rights on Mexico, if the Mexicans were twice as numerous and three times as well armed as they are. A nation which proposes to coerce other helpless nations without submitting the dispute to adjustment or adjudication at the hands of impartial third parties is, of course, itself tending to perpetuate a world in which armaments are necessary to national independence.

A FEW weeks ago the American public was convulsed about the danger of a break or a war with Mexico. During the past week, Mexico has not caused a ripple on the surface of public opinion. Yet the danger of war remains as real as it was during the period of commotion. If either arbitration or conciliation is to be tried, the report of it has not been allowed to leak out. The only piece of news which looks in the direction of an adjustment of difference is the presence in New York of

one of President Calles's associates in the government, and the rumor that he is negotiating with the oil interests for a settlement of differences. This is good news so far as it goes, and it goes some distance. For it indicates that powerful business interests in this country are more anxious to make some concessions in order to adjust the quarrel than is Mr. Coolidge. If the Mexican government and the oil interests can reach an agreement on their own account, that would be much the best method of getting the dispute out of the way. Of course, the agreement would have to provide for some method of saving Mr. Coolidge's face, but that should not be impossible. These negotiations are the only source from which, apparently, good news can be expected. Those people who are opposed to the coercion of Mexico should not expect too much from them, and they should hold themselves ready at a moment's notice to renew their protest against the danger of war.

THE New Republic prints in another column, from the pen of Mr. Carleton Beals, what is, so far as we know, the first full list of the companies which own or operate the Mexican oil wells, showing which of them have registered. This information should have been accessible to an American reader before, but it was not; and the fact that it was not is indicative of the legalistic and unrealistic attitude of the Coolidge administration in its handling of the controversy with Mexico over the titles to the oil lands. If the people of the United States are to be asked to coerce the Mexican people for the benefit of their citizens who own oil properties in Mexico, it would have been natural for the government to place before its public comprehensive and accurate information about the oil industry, in whose interest it was to incur the danger of war. Congress, before it adjourns, should certainly appoint a commission to investigate just what American oil properties in Mexico are endangered, and why. That would be the best check that it could impose on some sudden precipitation of a crisis by executive action. The American nation would require that Mr. Doheny be very much injured before it would consent to go to war chiefly on his behalf. Still better, Congress should order the making of a comprehensive survey of the oil industry in Mexico. If such information were now available and could be widely circulated, it would, we feel sure, help very much to create a public opinion which would prevent the President from committing his country to the unjustifiable coercion of Mexico.

FROM some of the enthusiastic pronouncements of big business propagandists, one might infer that we have become a nation of stockholders, but this is far from the case, according to the estimates of Mr. Joseph S. McCoy, government actuary of the U. S.

Treasury Department, based on the 1924 income tax returns, and published in the February issue of the American Bankers Association Journal. Of cash dividends paid in that year, over 21 percent went to corporations, 75 percent to individuals making income tax returns, and about 4 percent to others. The 75 percent shown in the individual tax returns went to not less than 365,584, and probably to not more than 888,826 persons. Considerably less than a million persons out of over a hundred million, then, owned three-quarters of the equity in the dividend-paying corporations. Over 51 percent of the cash dividends went to those reporting net incomes above \$12,000, and the recipients of these dividends probably numbered less than 124,000. To get a more complete estimate of the total number of individual stockholders, it is necessary to account for the 4 percent of dividends not reported in the tax returns. These dividends must have gone to heads of families with net incomes of less than \$2,500, or to single persons with net incomes of less than \$1,000, or to non-profit institutions such as churches, trusts, foundations, etc. Mr. McCoy makes a rough guess that in these classes are 100,000 widows, 100,000 students, invalids, etc., and 1,269,000 earners of incomes receiving dividends on earnings invested in stock. In order that the last number should be so large, it is necessary to assume that they received an average of only ten dollars apiece in dividends annually. This approximately maximum estimate of all individual stockholders in dividend-paying corporations places them at 2,358,000, instead of the 10,000,000 or more often quoted.

THE proposed Amendment to the federal Constitution with respect to child labor is not precisely a thrifty infant. It has been increasing in age without increasing in size—meaning by size the number of ratifying states. But it is not entirely dead. Montana, which had previously refused ratification, has recently agreed to accept the Amendment. In the lower house, the vote was 78 to 18 in its favor. Considering that Montana is an agricultural state, and that the farmers are supposed to be generally opposed to the Amendment, its adhesion is of peculiar interest. It does not bring the ratification of the Amendment much nearer, for there remain thirty-five states to be converted. It does indicate, however, that as soon as the grotesquely misleading propaganda against the Amendment is withdrawn, the motives which urge ordinary good American citizens to support it soon reassert their influence. The voters in this country are peculiarly suggestible and vulnerable to propaganda at present, because they are not sufficiently moved by political questions to discuss them attentively and seriously, but many of them would consume trustworthy information about public affairs as readily as they do propaganda, if only their newspapers and politicians would give them the chance.

SOME months ago the New Republic told the story of the reckless behavior of the Western Maryland Railroad management in inviting and combating a strike of its locomotive engineers and firemen, the chief occasion of which was the refusal to grant the same wage increase paid by all other Class I roads in the country. We called attention to the professed inability of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. to effectuate a changed policy, although the Rockefeller interests were supposed to exercise control through a minority but concentrated stock-ownership. Now comes the remarkable event of a joint report—the first of its kind—issued by the Research Department of the Federal Council of Churches, the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Council, and the Social Justice Commission of the Central Conference of American Rabbis, condemning the railroad management in the matter, and plainly intimating that Mr. Rockefeller, while asking the management to arbitrate, might have exercised more pressure than he did. The report also reveals that the Alien Property Custodian, a public official, held a large block of stock, which, together with the Rockefeller holdings, constituted almost a majority. We should like to have seen what would have been the result of this joint rebuke by the official Protestant, Catholic and Jewish bodies upon these responsible owners. That test will never be made, however, because it was recently announced that a controlling interest in the road has been acquired by the Baltimore and Ohio, the New York Central, and the Van Sweringens. These new owners can hardly fail to remedy the situation, and should be held to strict accountability not only by the churches and the Brotherhoods but by the general public.

IT IS humiliating, said Federal Judge George W. Anderson in a recent hearing in Boston, to see the United States “acting in matters like these like an hysterical old woman, afraid of mice.” The case concerned one James Phillips, who was ordered deported to Russia, could not be deported because we have no diplomatic relations with Russia, was released on \$1,000 bond, and since 1922 has been at liberty under bond, with the deportation order hanging over his head. Phillips was formerly secretary of the Marine Transport Workers’ Union of the I. W. W. in Boston. He was arrested in 1917 in the wholesale raids on the I. W. W., extradited to Chicago, and tried jointly with other officials of the organization for violation of the Espionage act. He was convicted, sentenced to serve five years at Leavenworth, and served his full term. It will be remembered that those convicted were not in any sense spies, but were charged with rather technical obstruction of the selective draft or similar offenses. After his conviction, the deportation law was passed, and he was ordered deported upon his release. Though he could not be deported, the warrant was not canceled. Meanwhile, Phillips has been work-

ing steadily, and has violated no laws of state or nation. Judge Anderson continued the case until March 15 for a hearing, saying, “If by that time Phillips hasn’t overthrown our government and we are not on speaking terms with Russia, some arrangement should be made under the immigration laws, if a common-sense arrangement can be made under those laws, to remedy this situation.”

RUSSIAN authorities are much worried about precisely the same phenomenon which American authorities are worried about—the disproportionately low price of agricultural products in comparison with manufactured products. What is the cause for this worry in Russia? Bolshevism, Sovietism, or any of the other well known bugaboos which are not permitted to taint this land of the free? By no means. Industrial production in Russia has now recovered to between 75 and 90 percent of the pre-war level, and is likely to improve more. A state-owned factory can produce, if it has a fairly good management. The real trouble is that, before the War, Russia imported a great many manufactured articles from abroad, whereas now the government foreign trade monopoly effectually discourages the importation of anything except essential raw materials and machinery. In other words, Russia with its trade policy and the United States with its tariff policy are both pursuing the same course of exclusive economic nationalism, are both suffering from it, and are both finding that the suffering is chiefly borne by those who are in the weakest competitive position—the farmers. “If we retain and strengthen the monopoly of foreign trade,” said Bucharin on January 12, “we will be making goods more expensively than they are made abroad. This will create a feeling among the peasantry against us and against the monopoly of foreign trade.” Change “monopoly of foreign trade” to “protective tariff” and “peasantry” to “farmers,” and “Bucharin” might be changed to “Coolidge,” provided an American Republican politician were as candid as a Russian Communist.

IN the recent death of Yehoash (Solomon Bloomgarten), Yiddish literature in America lost its chief protagonist. Dissatisfied with his first attempts as a poet, he came to America in 1890 and was for a decade engrossed in business. Afterwards, however, condemned by tuberculosis to an exile among the mountains of Colorado, he resumed his interrupted literary career, and for twenty-five years he strove to give his work the scope and quality of great art. Unlike most poets, he wrote the best of his lyric poetry after he was forty-five, and his last two volumes were perhaps, artistically, his most successful. In both his point of view and his form, Yehoash was profoundly influenced by English poetry; yet in the best of his mature work an original and distinctive quality appears. Yehoash’s great achievement, however, was his translation of the

Old Testament into Yiddish, a work of nearly twenty years. Hitherto, the Old Testament had been accessible to Yiddish-speaking readers only in ignorant and garbled versions; but Yehoash's translation retained the spirit, the poetry, the color and the vigor of the original Hebrew; and under more favorable conditions its effect on the development of the Yiddish language would probably have been enormous.

Agrarian State Socialism

IN 1920, and again in 1924, the electorate of the United States, by overwhelming majorities, put into office federal administrations dedicated to the proposition that government is, at most, a policeman. Its only concern over the economic and social welfare of the people was to let unrestricted private enterprise attend to their wants. There was an outcry against governmental interference with business, against bureaucracy. The government was to do less and less, it was to reduce expenses by rigid economy, it was to remit the savings to the public in the form of lower taxes. This reaction against government took, not only a general, but a specific form. Federal activities, particularly, were to be curbed in favor of local ones. We were being endangered by centralization. When, for instance, it was proposed to reduce interstate competition in the products of child labor by permitting the establishment of federal minimum standards in the gainful employment of children, the Amendment was decisively rejected. No body of persons was more active in this rejection than the farmers, who were outraged by this attempted interference with local autonomy and private affairs. This was only a symptom of a broad feeling concerning the limitations of government.

Since the beginning of this deflation of government, the theoretical strength of the administration has increased. Republican majorities in Congress have been enlarged. No powerful support has arisen anywhere for a comprehensive body of doctrine advocating the expansion rather than the restriction of federal activities. As a matter of fact, so much have the citizens lacked interest in having the government do anything, that large and increasing proportions of them have not voted at all. An historian, reading the editorials in the press, the political speeches, the literature of the day, would assume that at least three-quarters of the people had become wedded to the theory that the least government is the best government—at least as far as economic welfare is concerned. He would conclude that the administration had gone far in carrying out its announced policy, that the results had been entirely happy, and that more of the same could be expected.

What a shock, then, to discover suddenly that Congress has passed a law putting the government

into the business of buying and selling, on a huge scale and at the risk of hundreds of millions of dollars, the four or five principal cash crops of the country! For this is what the McNary-Haugen bill amounts to. It sets up a board appointed by the President from nominees by the principal farm organizations, to decide whether surpluses exist in certain crops, and to facilitate taking those surpluses off the market, if the organizations concerned approve. (Shades of defunct Bureaucracy!) It provides for huge loans from the government, in order to finance the purchase, holding, or sale at a loss, of these surpluses. (Where is non-interference in economic affairs?) It provides for the collection, from producers, of equalization fees to repay the government loans. (Pace reduced taxes!)

This federal centralization of economic control is demanded in view of conditions, not merely in a national market, but in a world market. It would be absurd to look to local or state authorities to execute such a measure; the federal government itself is none too extensive and powerful an agency for the purpose in view. This attempted control of prices by the purchase and sale of staple commodities is a task too large for any existing private organization; and even if a private organization strong enough could be found, it could not be trusted to wield the power without at least as much democratic control as exists in our political institutions. This collection of contributions to make possible the financing of so great an activity could not possibly be executed without the support of governmental authority; in fact, some of the farmers' spokesmen believe that even the equalization fee will be so difficult to collect that the funds should be raised through the ordinary exercise of the taxing power. In spite of all theories, the farmers in their distress have turned to the federal government to do a job which nobody else can do, a job, in fact, bigger than any government has been asked to do in times of peace, if we except Soviet Russia.

It is doubly ironical that the political pressure which forced the passage of this bill has arisen from the farmers. For they have long been looked upon as the bulwark of conservative economic practice. The laissez-faire doctrines of political economy were first propounded, it is true, by theorists who were close to the business world near the beginnings of the industrial revolution in England. Capitalism was just completing the process of emancipation from political control, and needed that emancipation for its growth. But competition, the forms of ownership, the lack of industrial integration, presented a picture far different from the business and industrial world of today. As industrial civilization grew, it was natural that many of those who took part in it and were directly affected by it should drift from the laissez-faire attitude. Wage-earners facing the superior strength of employers formed protective organizations; socialist move-

ments grew; even some of the employers themselves welcomed state control in the form of welfare legislation, compensation, or insurance; while in their own interest manufacturers frequently encouraged measures like tariff protection. The cities were regarded as the centres of agitation for governmental policies of all sorts, to change fundamentally, to curb, to regulate, or to aid industry. But the farmers, especially in the United States, were supposed not to be so much affected by industrial pressures. They remained individualist in habit and in thought. Each was an actual or a prospective small property owner. Each owned his own tools and worked for himself rather than for an employer. Each was habituated to a competitive world. All this was supposed to cultivate an independence and a self-reliance which would counteract socialist tendencies. When business men wanted something from government for themselves, they had to disregard or conciliate the country districts; when they wanted to avert governmental control, advocated in the interest of industrial populations, they would appeal to the sturdy virtues of the farmer. Such alliances may be seen today in many state governments, especially in the Northeast.

Now a substantial proportion of the farmers seem to have awakened to the fact that they are seriously affected by the growth of industrial civilization. It is doubtful whether they have carried through a logical revision of the political and economic theories on which they have so long been acting. But at least those theories have not been strong enough to prevent them from following a proposal in their own interest, even though that proposal presents an extreme contradiction of the general doctrines which have been instilled into them. Farm prices are low in comparison with manufacturing prices. Farm standards of living are falling, while city standards are rising. Something must be done about it, theory or no theory. No matter what candidates the farmers have voted for, and no matter why, the result has not been happy for them. Governmental non-interference has not stood the test of practice, at least in this matter. What more natural than to suppose that their comparative misfortunes are due to the fact that industrial prices are more subject to producers' control than agricultural prices, and that the tariff has helped the manufacturer, though it has not helped the farmer? If this is so, something must be done to control farm prices in the interest of the farmer. Only the government can do it. The government should logically do it, even at the cost of a subsidy, because the government has subsidized manufacture with the tariff. And so laissez-faire goes kiting.

We do not expect the final touch of irony which would be furnished if President Coolidge should sign the bill. That would involve too drastic a break with the interests which have been support-

ing him, and with the doctrine he has preached. But a veto would not end the matter. The result of a veto might very well be the nomination of another candidate, or at least the injection of farm relief as a leading issue into the next campaign. Then the chief result of eight years of governmental deflation would be a stiff fight over a measure involving the most dramatic extension of federal activity (disregarding the War) in a generation.

The McNary-Haugen bill is, doubtless, none too well calculated to accomplish the purpose in view; if it ever becomes a law, it may easily fail. The burden of our present reflections, however, concerns not the effectiveness of this particular measure, but the curious victory of the course of events over a popularly accepted political theory. The very passage of the bill by Congress makes a wide breach in the dyke of federal passivity. That breach may be repaired, but other breaches are sure to come. Drastic and continued reversals of good fortune for any class of the population lead to demands for remedies, which cannot be ignored. Political activity conditions economic affairs at a thousand points of contact, just as economic activity conditions politics. The idea that government and economic activity occupy water-tight compartments with little connection is an illusion which can be maintained only among the prosperous and satisfied. The attempt to maintain the illusion, either by refusing to allow the government to act, or, especially, by pretending that it is doing nothing while as a matter of fact it is aiding favored classes, is certain before long to injure the prosperity of those who are not favored. That, in turn, leads to a search for remedies, which punctures the illusion of an impotent government. It would be much better to adopt the opposite theory and to act consciously upon it, for if we begin by admitting that government may be used as one instrument of welfare, we shall be better fitted both to use it and to define its limitations. We shall not suddenly plump upon an unprepared administrative machine an impossible task.

Censorship as Self-Control

THE friends of civil and intellectual liberty, when they read of the closing of three "sex" plays by the police, two of which had been exonerated of offense by juries of presumably intelligent theatre-goers, can hardly help feeling shocked at this wholesale condemnation of even dubious theatrical performances. But they should beware of thinking about the existing situation as if it were normal. The American theatre occupies at the moment in its relation to moral conventions an exceptional, an equivocal and a peculiarly exposed position. It is staging, for all the world to see and hear, plays about subjects whose discussion

has in the past been reserved for private intercourse. In its defiance of convention it has been expressing a widely prevalent revolt against the manners and values of previous generations, but this fact rather exasperates than appeases the resentment of its unfavorable critics. The theatre is necessarily conspicuous in all that it does, and its enterprise in exploring forbidden territory has fastened on itself the resentment of the moral conservatives. These people are demanding an official censorship so vehemently and noisily that the politicians cannot afford to ignore the outcry. Some legislation which looks in this direction is becoming politically inevitable. The legislature, if it acts, is practically certain to set up a political censorship which will exist only to taboo, and theatrical professionals and friends of liberty will agree that, of all ways of dealing with the problem, a censorship of this kind is the most dangerous, the most costly and the most objectionable. The value of the explosion of police suppression is that it clears the air, gets rid of some of the most doubtful of existing productions, induces the theatrical managers to undertake seriously the job of disarming their unfavorable critics, and tends, consequently, to protect the theatre against government by bureaucrats.

The foregoing apology for the recent repressive exploits of the police does not, however, imply that it would be desirable permanently to censor plays by busily wielding the policeman's club, any more than the bureaucrat's blue pencil. Neither does it endorse the future regulation of the theatre by criminal process, which in effect is what police suppression means. Trial by judge or jury, or both, is too slow, expensive, cumbersome and chancy a method of deciding whether the public performance of a certain play shall be permitted. It would not satisfy the militant moralists who can unerringly pick out what are the objectionable plays and would like to see them slaughtered by the sword of righteousness as Samson slaughtered his thousands of Philistines. On the other hand, those who are opposed to any kind of censorship may well fear to trust the supervision of the theatre to the ignorance and the prejudice of ordinary judges and juries. They will remember how abjectly, during the War, the courts cringed to the popular clamor for the suppression of freedom of utterance, and they will anticipate that, considering the present excitement of public opinion, both judges and juries are likely to be more censorious than they have been in the past. In any event, censorship by the courts assumes that offenses of this kind are comparatively rare. If they are popularly supposed to be numerous, a quicker moving and more economical administrative supervision is inevitable.

An administrative censorship of some kind cannot, we think, be avoided, but it need not and should not be political. The theatre, as an organized activity in the life of the community, is fully capable of censoring itself; but, unlike other forms of business,

it is not indifferent to its responsibilities. It has tried and is trying to create effective organs of self-criticism and self-control, but the reformers are naturally meeting with opposition from within the theatre itself. The managers and authors who will cooperate in the production of any play, no matter how offensive it may be, which promises to be profitable, are by no means few in number or lacking in resources. They will not cooperate with any plan which will enable the theatre to censor itself except under compulsion. The activity of the police has diminished their opposition. The spectre of innumerable law-suits, paralyzing uncertainty, and in the end probably a play censorship as drastic as that of the movies, is having a chastening effect on their attitude of non-coöperation. It now looks as if the attempt of the theatre to censor itself will be successful. It will, then, become the first business in the country to set up an administrative agency all its own to study and to adjust its relation to public interests and social standards.

The problem by which it is confronted is easy to state but hard to manage. What form of jury or court can the organized theatre use to decide whether a doubtful play is or is not fit for public representation, and how can its verdicts be enforced against unruly authors and producers? These questions are being gradually but satisfactorily answered. Last week the Committee of Nine, representing the organized actors, playwrights and managers, which was appointed to consider ways and means of self-censorship, announced its new plan. It proposed a modification and improvement of the existing method of setting up juries to pass upon the fitness of plays for public performance. The new model differs from the old in many important respects, but chiefly in the precautions which its authors have taken to improve the quality of the juries and to make the theatre, as a whole, responsible for the successful operation of the mechanism. To this end, the Committee of Nine is to be perpetuated as a kind of national council for the industry. It will serve as a joint executive and advisory agency for the three constituent bodies. The new play juries will be very different bodies from those which exonerated *Sex* and *The Captive*. The number of the jurymen will be reduced from twelve to seven, and of the seven, five will be selected by the American Arbitration Committee, and two by the Committee of Nine. It will take only a majority of four to convict a performance and to require suppression or revision. Hitherto, it has required ten out of twelve. In the new, as in the old plan, the Actors' Equity Association will serve as the engine of suppression. Its members agree not to participate in a condemned performance, and they agree in the event of condemnation to consent to their own immediate withdrawal from the cast.

This plan will, we hope, receive a fair and full trial. It is, of course, an experiment, and it will require as the result of experience further modifica-

tion, but the tribunal which it sets up to protect the American public against offensive performances in the theatre will be much better qualified to perform the task without placing cramping restrictions on the theatre than are the courts or a political censor. It will represent in part the attitude of the more intelligent theatre-goers and in part that of the theatrical business and profession. Their representative character will naturally not prevent them from making mistakes, and their task will, of course, be enormously difficult. It will require the exercise of real social statesmanship on the part of the juries to draw a line which will sufficiently appease the moral conservatives without discouraging among playwrights and producers desirable initiative and experimentation. But the line can be drawn; and if it can be drawn, the Committee of Nine has selected the fundamentally sound and right way to have it drawn. Its plan places the responsibility for the good conduct of the theatre upon the shoulders of those people who really ought to bear it—viz.: on the people who write, produce, act in and witness plays. If they do not use sufficient conscience or common sense in acting on the responsibility, the experiment will fail, and some form of political supervision will follow, but as long as they are willing to try, they certainly are entitled to a chance to keep the control of the theatre in their own hands. The state has no sufficient excuse to interfere unless the industry ignores or denies the existence of the offense and refuses to examine, criticize and reform itself.

Finally, social economists should not fail to remark one peculiarly significant aspect of this attempt of an industry to adjust its behavior to public standards. The American theatre is able to propose a plan for self-censorship only because it happens to be an example of that rare bird, a completely unionized industry, whose employees enjoy the advantages and wield the power of the closed shop. The Actors' Equity Association supplies the structure, the power and the leadership which the theatre needs to meet the present crisis in its affairs. If it were not for the fact that only members of the Equity are permitted to play on the American stage, there would be no effective way of enforcing the verdicts of an unofficial jury. It has from the start fought for power, but it has always exercised its power moderately and with a sense of responsibility. It has set up and forced the adoption of standards for the industry as a whole, which the sharply competitive managers would have preferred to ignore. The Equity began by forcing the managers to accept certain minimum standards of fair play and decency in their contracts with actors and actresses. Then, in order to assure itself of the observance of these standards, it had to insist on the closed shop, and to participate actively and multifariously in the actual administration of the theatrical business. Now it appears that the power which the actors and actresses created to protect themselves against ex-

ploitation has as well a general social value. It is capable of being used to safeguard the industry itself against internal irresponsibility and public condemnation. In the absence of the Equity, the better managers would have been impotent to shield themselves and the public against the morally cut-throat competition of their colleagues. But by allying themselves with the union they have placed at their disposal an irresistible weapon with which they can discipline their less scrupulous associates. If the theatre manages to avoid public regulation and to keep control of its own conduct and its own soul, it will be the Actors' union which will be responsible for its salvation.

In this respect the theatre has an immense advantage over the newspapers. Both of these social activities combine a professional with a business aspect. The way in which they are both carried on has an important reaction on public opinion and public morals. Both are being accused of violating standards of public decorum for the sake of putting money in the pockets of their owners, and in both cases the more public-spirited of the owners admit the justice of the charge. But here the agreement ends and the difference begins. The theatre has undertaken to reform itself in its relation to the public. It has the power and conscience to do so only because it had previously undertaken to reform itself in its relation to its employees. The newspapers, on the other hand, are helpless. They are unable to define and prescribe effective professional, business and moral standards. Their workers have never banded themselves together for the purpose of discussing and laying down socially desirable rules of work, pay, service and conduct and of insisting on their observance. They have not assumed any collective responsibility for their own welfare, and the consequence is that the industry cannot assume any collective responsibility for its public relations. The people who are engaged professionally in reporting, discussing and censoring every other activity in American life have come themselves to invite censorship on purely moral grounds, but because their management is exclusively capitalistic and autocratic, they cannot even try to clean their own house.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1927, IN THE U. S., BY
THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK
HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY BRUCE BLIVEN ROBERT LITTELL
GEORGE SOULE EDMUND WILSON STARK YOUNG
ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK
ALVIN JOHNSON E. C. LINDEMAN GILBERT SELDES
ELINOR WYLIE LEO WOLMAN

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION,
FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS;
FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR

Whose Property Is Kellogg Protecting?

IN a series of notes exchanged during 1926 between Secretary of State Kellogg and Secretary of Foreign Affairs Saenz, the latter reassured our State Department that none of the provisions of the petroleum law of December 31, 1925, based upon article 27 of the Querétaro Constitution of 1917, were retroactive. In these notes Señor Saenz based his arguments upon the legal system derived from Roman, Moorish, Spanish and Indian sources; we elaborated on our own concept of law derived from Roman, French, Scandinavian, and English sources—an interpretation further complicated by inadequate translations of the Spanish legal terms and failure on our part to understand their content and connotations. Even the word “retroactivity” never found common definition. Both chancelleries were performing Pyrrhic dances on two widely separated gymnastic mats of legal theory and philosophic premises; their swords never really crossed.

It is irritating to find that you and your adversary have been arguing about different matters. Mr. Kellogg, of course, has a rigid theory of property and of government. He is not particularly interested in the historical origins of the present controversy or the social needs of a tragically oppressed people, though statesmanship would realize that the ultimate peace of the United States with Latin America depends upon the existence of a stable, economically progressive, enlightened and free Mexico. Nor is Mr. Kellogg, apparently, concerned with the bases of the Mexican legal system in relation to American petroleum properties. He is concerned with the immediate problem of specific petroleum properties, which he and others believe to be endangered, and which he hopes to use all the machinery of the United States government to protect. He is not even concerned, it appears, about the property of other American investors owning no petroleum lands. The property of these non-petroleum investors (American) represents fully 60 percent of the total American investment in Mexico, and if we include those American investors in petroleum who have abided by the Mexican law, it will probably total 85 percent. As far as that goes, Mr. Kellogg has never told the American public exactly what properties and whose are being menaced and why.

The petroleum law declared that the owners of petroleum properties should apply for fifty-year exploitation concessions, to be granted without cost, not later than before December 31, 1926. The Secretary of Commerce, Industry and Labor, before the final date, declared that failure to do so would

not mean confiscation of the land, nor would the Department grant concessions to anyone but the holders of the surface, plainly intimating that the result of non-compliance would be refusal by the Mexican government to grant future drilling permits and possibly the stopping of existing operations. The American courts have upheld various states in their right to take similar measures. According to the official figures of the Bureau of Petroleum of the Department of Industry, Commerce and Labor, the government has granted or will grant 661 concessions on an equal number of applications, concessions covering approximately 10,895,300 hectares, or 27,148,250 acres. Some five concessions are still pending because of faulty titles, legal technicalities, etc. In all there are 147 petroleum companies registered with the Secretaría. Concessions have been granted or will be granted to 126; 21 companies remain in a “rebel attitude”; one company, the Transcontinental Petroleum Company—a Standard Oil concern—has received or will receive concessions on part of its lands, on others has not applied, and so is “part rebel.”

The twenty-one out-and-out rebel companies, their registry numbers, names and estimated areas of pre-1917 properties, in hectares (2.5 acres), are as follows:

470	Compañía Petrolera del Agwi.....	900
154	American International Fuel and Petroleum Co..	27,731
341	La Atlantica, Compañía Mexicana Productora y Refinadora de Petróleo, S. A.....	2,736
334	Capuchinas Oil Co., S. A.....	1,872
118	Cortez Aguada Petroleum Corporation.....	35,012
599	Compañía Petrolera los Chijoles, S. A.....	433
555	Doheny Bridge y Compañía, S. en C.....	12,451
576	Etienne Pedro S. Sucesión de.....	54
181	Hispano Cubano de Petróleo, S. A.....	352
222	Huasteca Petroleum Company.....	327,671
506	Mexican Crude Oil Co.....	57
151	Mexican Gulf Oil Co.....	24,129
167	Mexican Oil Co.....	4,203
345	Mexican Sinclair Petroleum Corporation.....	38,618
220	Mexican Petroleum Company of California....	174,840
202	Otontepec Petroleum Company.....	8,760
318	Pánuco Boston Oil Company, S. A.....	227
219	Tamiahua Petroleum Company.....	3,582
223	Tuxpan Petroleum Company.....	9,923
520	Utah Tropical Fruit Company.....	2,476
480	Vicente y Batte, S. en C. (A small hacienda, acreage unknown)	

Total of hectares..... 627,027
or Total of acres..... 1,685,067

Excluding the Transcontinental Petroleum Company, which has not applied for concessions on a small area, but concerning which exact figures are

unavailable, we find that the twenty-one out-and-out opposition companies—15 percent of the total number of companies—have only 5.8 percent of the total pre-1917 area of the petroleum property involved. If we examine the output, striking an average for the months of July and September, 1926 (figures may be consulted in the official monthly Boletín del Petróleo of the Secretaría de Industria, Comercio y Trabajo), we find that these twenty-one companies produce 47.65 percent of the total petroleum output of Mexico. Or if we add to this the percentage for the Transcontinental, about 10 percent, we have 57.65 percent.

Some further classification is necessary. These twenty-one companies may, for convenience, be considered in five groups:

Companies.	Percentage of Mexican Output.
I) Non-producing.	Considered Unimportant.
No. 599 Compañía Petrolera los Chijoles.	
No. 576 Etienne Pedro S.	
No. 520 Utah Tropical Fruit Company.	
II) Six companies which need not be considered seriously, because they produce only 2¼ percent of the total Mexican output (average July and September, 1926):	
No. 470 Compañía Petrolera del Agwi.....	.08%
No. 334 Capuchinas Oil Company.....	.56%
No. 181 Hispano Cubano de Petróleo S. S.....	.05%
No. 202 Otontepec Petroleum Co.....	.95%
No. 480 Vicente y Batte S. en C.....	.66%
No. 167 Mexican Oil Company of Tampico.....	.13%
	2.25%
III) A small group, consisting of one Sinclair company, one Mellon company, and a third (connections unidentified), producing about 8.8% of the total Mexican output (average July and Sept., 1926):	
No. 154 American International Fuel and Petroleum Co.	1.1%
No. 345 Mexican Sinclair Petroleum Corporation....	2.1%
No. 151 Mexican Gulf Oil Co. (Mellon).....	5.6%
	8.8%
IV) Four companies registered in the government files as being represented by Henry Hall, 5 de Mayo, 10, Office 32, Mexico City. Mr. Hall is a Standard Oil Agent:	
No. 341 Atlantica, La Compañía Productora y Refinadora de Petróleo, S. S.....	0.00%
No. 118 Cortez Aguada Petroleum Corporation....	0.04%
No. 506 Mexican Crude Oil Company.....	0.22%
No. 318 Pánuco Boston Oil Co.....	0.29%
	0.55%
V) Five companies represented in Mexico City by Hilarión Branch, Capuchina, 42, with power of attorney from Edward Doheny, photostat copies of which power of attorney are attached to his file in the Department of Industry, Commerce and Labor:	
No. 555 Doheny Bridge y Compañía S. en C.....	0.00%
No. 122 Huasteca Petroleum Company.....	5.60%
No. 220 Mexican Petroleum Company of California	17.85%
No. 219 Tamiahua Petroleum Company.....	0.70%
No. 223 Tuxpan Petroleum Company.....	11.90%
	36.05%

Obviously the key to the opposition of the State Department to the Mexican petroleum law is to be found in what I have called, for convenience, Group V. The following facts may be noted about Group V:

Percentage of total Mexican output.....	36.05%
Percentage of output of rebel companies (excluding the Transcontinental)	75.65%
Percentage of output of rebel companies (including Transcontinental)	62.63%

From the examination of acreage (figures supplied by the Department of Industry, Commerce and Labor) further illuminating conclusions emerge:

	Acres
(1) Total pre-1917 areas on which confirmatory concessions have been granted.....	27,148,250
(2) Total post-1917 areas granted preferential concessions	8,887,913
(3) Total area under exploitation or intended for oil exploitation of which concessions have been granted	36,036,163
(4) Total estimate pre-1917 areas, 21 recalcitrant companies	1,685,067
(5) Total estimate pre-1917 area, Group V (Doheny)	1,321,167
(6) Total pre-1917 area enjoying concessions, plus the total area rebellious companies, excluding small portion of Transcontinental for which figures unavailable	28,833,317
(7) Provisional grand total, lacking relatively small acreages indicated above.....	37,721,230

Note the percentages which may be derived from these totals:

Percentage that rebel properties represent of all pre-1917 properties, concession-holding and rebel.....	5.8%
Percentage that Group V represents of this same total.	4.5%
Percentage rebel properties of all concession-holding properties before and after 1917 plus the rebel properties, i. e., of the provisional grand total of all petroleum properties exploited or intended for exploitation	4.6%
Percentage Group V represents of this same provisional grand total	3.5%
Percentage Group V of total area rebel companies.....	78.6%

Now who are the bedfellows of the Doheny companies represented in Group V? Until recently the largest and most important American company was the Mexican Petroleum Company, Ltd., of Delaware, operating through various subsidiaries; the Mexican Petroleum Company of California, the oldest concern in the field; the Huasteca Petroleum Company, with an authorized capital of \$15,000,000; the Tamiahua Petroleum Company, and the Tuxpan Petroleum Company. For these companies there existed a holding company known as the Pan-American Petroleum and Transport Company. In 1925, before the new petroleum law had gone into effect, a new company was created, the Pan-American Eastern Petroleum Corporation. A syndicate headed by Blair and Company and dominated by

the Standard Oil Company of Indiana holds control in this new company, which acquired most of the Mexican Doheny interests, in escrow. This transaction has never, apparently, been fully completed, for the simple reason that the Doheny properties in Mexico were sold in escrow, pending confirmation of titles. This explains the power of attorney given to Mr. Branch by Doheny and indicates that the pivot of this whole difficulty may be dubious Doheny titles. The American interests may fear that if they applied for concessions the Mexican government would not recognize these titles.

The leading companies which have subscribed to the law, according to the official files, may also be grouped. It is difficult to list exactly the amount of property signed up, because of the use of dummy names, but in each case the percentage of the total production is listed (Sept., 1926):

I. The English-Dutch groups who have asked concessions, according to the government, on all of their properties, though a few smaller properties are still entangled:

No. 218 Compañía Mexicana de Petróleo, El Aguila (Eagle Petroleum Company).....	9.98%
No. 538 Ortega, Rafael, S. en C.....	0.00
No. 491 Cia. Petróleo Mexicana Tampico Pánuco...	0.03
No. 474 La Corona, Cia. Holandesa Mexicana.....	3.82
No. 399 Jonker Pieter, Jan. S. en C. Sucs.....	2.75
No. 600 Unida de Petróleo, Cia.....	.20

16.78%

II. The Marland Oil Company, (Morgan), which apparently controls the following subsidiaries:

No. 537 Consolidated Oil Companies of Mexico....	0.00%
No. 2 Compañía Petrolera Franco Española, S. A. . .	1.18
No. 382 Compañía Petrolera de Sonora S. A.....	.00

1.18%

III. The Cities Service Corporation (Doherty) apparently controls the following:

No. 577 Cia. Petrolera Mexicana Chilena, S. A....	0.00%
No. 54 Gulf Coast Corporation.....	0.20
No. 339 Compañía Mexicana de Oleoductos, Imperio, S. A.....	2.16
No. 404 Compañía Terminal, Imperio, S. A.....	0.00
No. 367 Compañía de Gas y Combustible, S. A....	0.00
No. 63 Southern Fuel and Refining.....	1.82
No. 52 Tampasacas Oil Company of Mexico (Controlled by the Laguita Oil Co.).....	.49

4.67%

IV. Texas Company of Mexico, Independent..... 0.70%
This company, capitalized at five million pesos, has signed up on about 5,000 acres. It leases 17,000 acres of proved property and 23,000 acres of unproved land.

Returning now to our original classification, but leaving out insignificant Group I, we find that in Group II the Agwi and Vicente y Batte companies are represented by Ricardo Monges López (Avenida Isabela Católica 24), but that he represents three other small allied companies, one of them a producer. The inference might be that the two non-complying companies were not motivated by principle but because of the peculiar nature of the properties of the Agwi and Vicente y Batte—with regard to titles or other difficulties.

The Capuchinas Oil Company, in the same Group II, is represented by Alvaro Alvarez (Avenida Francisco I. Madero, 8, Mexico City), an agent of A. B. Leach and Company. In addition to "Capuchinas," the Leach interests evidently control at least four other subsidiaries: Compañía Mexicana Refinadora, Island, S. A.; Compañía Metropolitana de Oleoductos, S. A.; The New Mexican Oil Company; and Wiechers, Alejandro P., none of which is listed as opposing the law. The Sinclair people are reported to have only one recalcitrant company: The Mexican Sinclair Petroleum Company, estimated to own 76,535 acres of pre-1917 property. Yet the Sinclair agents in Mexico City (M. G. Villers, Gante 1, and Miguel R. Cárdenas, Uruguay 55, Office 413-4) have, in addition, registered the following companies with the Department of Industry, Commerce, and Labor:

Percentage
of Mexican
Production

No. 73 International Petroleum Company (controlled by the Mexican Seaboard Oil Co.).....	7.49
No. 355 Compañía Internacional de Petróleo y Oleoductos, S. A.....	0.00
No. 479 Brings y Luft, S. en C.....	0.01
No. 597 F. M. Cardenas y Hermanos.....	0.00
No. 46 English Oil Company, S. A.....	0.04
No. 331 Compañía Terminal de Lobos, S. A.....	0.00

Percentage total Mexican production, July, 1926 7.54

The above shows that the Sinclair people conformed to the law with the bulk of their properties. The International alone has taken out over twenty concessions on pre-1917 property, totaling over 60,000 acres; from the point of view of production the Sinclair companies are 72 percent conformist. (N. B.—I use the word "conformist" for all companies not listed as having defied the law, though in some instances—and this is difficult to ascertain—they are merely terminal or refining corporations, or have no pre-1917 properties.) Why have they held out with their Mexican Sinclair Petroleum Corporation, representing a little over a fourth of their present output?

Turning to Group IV, Standard Oil, we find that Mr. Hall represents, in addition to the four rebellious companies, the following conformists:

Percentage
of Mexican
Production

No. 379 Compañía de Inversiones Aztlán, S. A....	0.03
No. 545 Carpenter y Caley, S. en C.....	0.03
No. 100 New England Fuel Oil Co. (which recently transferred some of its properties to the Mag-nolia Petroleum Co.).....	1.17
No. 534 Tillotson, R. y Compañía, S. A.....	0.02
No. 513 Globe Petroleum Co., S. A.....	0.47
No. 416 Mexican Atlas Petroleum Co.....	0.74
No. 606 Moctezuma Petroleum Co., S. A.....	0.00

In addition, Mr. William Wochatz (Francisco I. Madero 1, Mexico City), according to the files of

the Department of Industry, Commerce, and Labor, represents the following corporations:

No. 245 Penn-Mex Fuel Co.....	3.32
No. 401 Thomas R. y Compañia, S. en C.....	0.05
No. 500 Vernon Backus, William.....	0.00

In the office adjoining Mr. Hall's on Cinco de Mayo Avenue are those of the Transcontinental, represented by Carl Kincaid:

No. 42 Transcontinental Oil Company.....	6.14
--	------

Percentage of total Mexican output (July)....12.97

In the offices of the Transcontinental are to be found, according to official registration, representatives of the following companies, probably interlocked or allied with the foregoing:

No. 601 Richmond-Petroleum Company, S. A.....	0.00	Percentage of Mexican Production
(Standard Oil of California)		
No. 442 Compañia Mexicana de Petrolera, Cosmos.	0.24	
No. 487 Sanchez Rodolfo.....	0.14	
No. 407 Brown, J. A., S. en C.....	0.00	
No. 159 East Coast Oil Company, S. A.....	1.32	
(Southern Pacific Railway)		

Percentage total Mexican output, July..... 1.60

This, added to the previous total.....14.57

While the Transcontinental has not signed up on all of its property (why?), the government oil offices report at least six applications for concessions on pre-1917 property, totaling 1,006,378 acres. Penn-Mex has signed up on all its property—I have traced down from official reports three concessions, covering 167,605 acres. In other words, the Standard Oil group, and companies friendly to it, total fifteen conformist companies, one largely conformist company, and but four recalcitrant companies. This group wavered less than a hundred thousand acres, producing less than 1 percent of the total Mexican output, that the American State Department would support it; but it played safe on nearly a million and a quarter acres producing from between 12 and 15 percent of the total national output. (Note that this statement does not take into account the small indeterminate acreage of the Transcontinental which did not sign up.)

The matter simmers down to this: among the recalcitrant elements, but two are 100 percent non-law-abiding: the Mellon and Doheny groups. Mellon's pre-1917 properties—Mexican Gulf Oil Company—are estimated by the government at 60,322 acres, producing 5.6 percent of the entire national output. This is insignificant alongside of Doheny's 1,321,167 acres, producing 36.05 percent of the Mexican oil.

No one in government circles was willing to inform me how companies which had not complied with the law might recover, if they so desired, their legal status. But that some method could be found is indicated by the following declaration of Minister Luis N. Morones:

It is important, in the almost tragic situation which has arisen between two North American republics, that the innocent who disagree with us be not associated in the public mind with those who not only disagree with us but who do not seem honest in so doing.

For instance, there are those American companies like the International and the Empire, among others, which complied with the law; and because their titles, dating before 1917, were clear, have received, or will receive, confirmatory concessions. In these instances there is what is known in the United States as a clear abstract of title, and to that extent there is removed forever just so much danger of present and future international complication. In other cases, for instance, such people as the Transcontinental, Mexican Gulf, Sinclair and more whose names do not occur to me readily, there is this basis to go on: namely, they have a past of clean dealing with the Mexican government and with the localities in which they operate. They have refused, in whole or in part, to comply with the new laws, which were passed by Congress to make the constitution effective, exactly as would be done in the northern republic. This refusal is mystifying and regrettable, since it would appear from such study as I have made of their titles that had they complied with the law they would, in nearly every instance, have received confirmatory concessions or else have been shown where remediable defects lay. This would have been a second step toward wiping out old causes of conflict. But we still remember them as organizations of fair dealing, and on that knowledge, base an assumption of reconciliation of differences. It is to such organizations as the type indicated in the foregoing, to the great mass of good will in the United States toward all weaker nations, to the sanity of the United States Congress so nobly illustrated by the Senate, and to President Coolidge, who must represent all of that spirit, that we look for a just curbing of those remaining ones, whose lawlessness is at the bottom of our troubles.

This, since Morones definitely cites the Mellon company for its record of fair-dealing, and intimates that it has sound titles, further isolates Doheny as the one single important element fighting the Mexican government, setting him apart as the one important 100-percent lawless operator. The main reason appears to be, from surface indications, that a large part of his property still remains in legal twilight.

Before we undermine a friendly government, before we further antagonize Latin America, before we draw upon our heads the suspicion of the world, before we edge closer to the precipice of war, let us remove every suspicion of self-interest by basing our acts upon rock-bottom facts which shall be at the disposal of every American citizen. Is it not high time to create an honest, patriotic commission to investigate all the petroleum properties in Mexico which we are asked to protect? Might it not even suffice to investigate the Doheny titles?

CARLETON BEALS.

Mexico City.

Consumers in Wonderland

IV—How Standardization Helps and Hinders the Buyer

The lion looked at Alice wearily. "Are you animal—or vegetable—or mineral?" he said.

THROUGH the previous articles in this series has run the implication that somehow, somewhere, there was a right way to make goods, and a right way to judge them when buying. The implication has not always been clear, it has been clouded from time to time with other considerations, but it has always been there—like the shadow which follows one on a sunny day. And now the authors are faced with the task of converting that shadow into reality. What, specifically, are the yardsticks which give us authority to pass judgment on Wonderland; to lay strictures on great classes of goods created and distributed with incredible human labor; and above all, to promise the consumer better goods at lower prices?

It is no mean challenge. As the massed cohorts of salesmen, advertisers, shopkeepers, thunder their protesting chorus, it takes bolder men than we to maintain that the touchstone has been found which invariably marks off the gold from the dross. But we have, such as it is, a yardstick. It is time that it was described in some detail, that the reader may judge its soundness for himself. The going name for it is *industrial standardization*.

The word "standardization" is in very low repute in some quarters, and often rightly so. Defined in certain ways it means depressing, even terrifying things. Indeed, it means altogether too much. It should be broken down into half a dozen words, each with a more specific and accurate definition. Mr. Hoover's term "simplification" is a step in the right direction. If it is said that we want to introduce more standardization into American industrial life—just that and nothing more—we will be met with the legitimate protest that Americans are already over-standardized. As indeed they are. What we argue for are more standards in certain things, to the end that there may be less standardization in general living. Specifically, we advocate technical standards for all manner of intermediary industrial processes, standards to take the magic out of buying (in necessities at least), standards to eliminate untold complexity, confusion and waste, and so relegate industry to the place of servant, rather than master. For many final products, standardization of pattern is intolerable. Imagine the scene if all men and women wore identical uniforms. For the employment of leisure, standardization in habit, speech, opinion, is again intolerable. But it so happens, fortunately, that when men are economically free, individuality flourishes.

There are no less than 600 sizes and varieties of fire-hose couplings in the United States. In the great Baltimore fire of 1904, railroads cleared their tracks to bring fire apparatus from Washington, Philadelphia and New York, but the hose which they brought could not be connected to the hydrants, and their equipment stood idly by while Baltimore burned. One railroad today has to carry in stock twenty-nine different non-standard hose couplings with special fittings and "adapters" to link up with the fire apparatus of the various cities and towns in which it has property. Whose individuality is going to suffer when this job is standardized?

In the old days the output of a ten horse-power motor of one manufacturer might vary as much as 30 percent from that of another—giving rise, doubtless, to lively appeals to the consumer to buy the ten horses that were really thirteen horses. . . . "Our motor can outpull any other motor on the market." With no yardstick, magic and persuasion held the field. Now ten horse-power is ten horse-power, measurable and definite the world over. Unfortunately there are still differences in the standards of candle-power used in illumination measurements, which run as high as 5 percent.

Twenty-one-inch sewer pipe was first produced by a manufacturer who wanted to be in a position to shade a price on a contract that nominally called for a twenty-two-inch pipe. Left-hand plows are a regular item of production, because some farmers feel there is a peculiar and occult merit to a plow that turns the furrow to the left. One firm produces two lines of plows that are identical except for the color of the paint; some farmer buyers sagely insist that the red plow possesses ghostly virtues that are absent from the blue one.

But progress is being made. Following the arresting experience of the War, the movement towards simplification has been well organized, and is accomplishing tangible results. Three agencies in America are coöperating in the field: the government services, particularly the Division of Simplified Practice of the Department of Commerce, under the leadership of Mr. Hoover; the engineering societies and certain of the more progressive industrial trade associations headed by the American Engineering Standards Committee; and thirdly, a heterogeneous group of trade associations, mainly of manufacturers. No less than twenty countries are promoting standardization work, nationally organized.

In the single matter of reducing superfluous varieties and styles, the following table bears impres-

sive testimony to the annual savings claimed by Mr. Hoover in certain fields of simplification. Yet this is only a fraction of the total accomplishment.

FIELD	VARIETIES REDUCED		ESTIMATED
	FROM	TO	ANNUAL SAVINGS
Paving Brick	66	4	\$1,000,000
Sheet-steel	1,819	261	2,400,000
Reinforcing-bars	40	11	4,500,000
Range-boilers	130	13	5,500,000
Business forms	4,500	3	15,000,000
Warehouse forms	3,500	18	5,000,000
Builders' hardware from 74 to			
	29 percent reduction		10,000,000
Yard lumber sizes	60 percent reduction		250,000,000

Total estimated saving roughly \$300,000,000

For better or for worse, modern industry has entered the field of mass production. The fact that such production has succeeded in deluging us in part with a great stream of cheap and nasty goods, does not damn the technique; it only damns our stupidity in permitting such a stream. Properly controlled, it is a magnificent technique. But it demands standards to measure the output in terms of utility and quality. Such, over great areas, have been missing. It is for them that we are arguing; they constitute the systems of reference, the yardsticks, that underlie every sentence in these articles.

Mass production has given us Ford tractors, electric light bulbs, harvesting machinery, structural steel, dollar watches, and many other excellent things. It has the possibility of increasing the volume of excellence almost without limit. Many articles it can produce better than handicraft could ever hope to. Not cheaper, and in greater volume, but *better*. A custom-made tungsten lamp would not be superior to one made by mass production—it would be distinctly worse. Copper wire made by handicraft methods would not be fit for use in your telephone. Its diameter, surface finish, resistance, uniformity, and quality of insulation, would all be below the tolerances of mass manufacture.

In industries where the threat of public danger is sufficiently dramatic—in railroad equipment and signals and the timepieces carried by trainmen, traffic control, fire-fighting apparatus (except hose sizes), ocean traffic, the generation of electricity, and public utilities generally—standards have been erected to control the manufacturing output. We argue for an extension of the technique to other industries. Drama may not be quite so obvious in food, shelter, clothing, medicines, but in the absence of standards, tragedy all too frequently lurks there; while the volume of sheer waste, confusion and loss, staggers the imagination. There are six specific sorts of standards which are required to control the output of mass production in the interest of sounder and more useful goods:

1. *Standards of quality*, such as are to be found in specifications for cement, cold rolled steel bars,

sheeting, fat content in milk. 2. *Standards of size and form*, for screw threads, bolts, nuts, sewing machine needles, pins, ribbons—even flags. 3. *Standards of length, mass, time, temperature*, the creation of uniform meanings for a gallon, a pound, a yard. (The metric system promises the elimination of vast waste in this one field.) 4. *Standard ratings*, the creation of uniform meanings for a horse power; a speed rating for locomotives. 5. *Standards of practice*, such as a construction specification for erecting a steel bridge. 6. *Standard nomenclature*. If the radio industry possessed this single factor today, the magic in such words as "rejectivity," "isolated power principle," "razor-edge selectivity," would be completely deflated, to the untold benefit of the consumer.

What is there here to alarm even the most æsthetic? The list does not include standardized machine tending, tabloid reading, moving picture plots, or any human regimentation at all. It includes no rigid standardization of articles for ultimate consumption, except in so far as indistinguishable differences are concerned. It does include a technique—the specification—for evaluating the quality of products for ultimate consumption, and so guaranteeing the consumer that he gets what he wants every time he orders it—that particular article, nothing else and nothing less.

In brief, we advocate standards for all industrial products and processes short of the final article for ultimate consumption—standard weights, measures, ratings, nomenclature, machine parts, building materials—engineering specifications. We advocate safety standards for traffic control, for the elimination of industrial accidents. When the industrial psychologists know more, we would like to see their findings incorporated into standards to protect the worker against fatigue and excessive monotony. Already sound work has been done on the importance of maintaining the sense of rhythm in industrial labor.

In articles for final consumption, we advocate standards to eliminate meaningless variations. Is there really any sense in having 278,000 types of men's sack suits; 6,000 varieties of single-bit axes; seventy-eight sizes of bed blankets? No more types or sizes than the senses can readily distinguish, is the acid test. We advocate standards of performance, quality and dependability for all end products—except for those luxury goods which are bought primarily for conspicuous consumption. There is, we suspect, far less goose-stepping in this program than advertising now actually forces us to undergo.

Of this we may be sure: if the market is without standards, the consumer in ignorance, and the new competition in full control, the manufacturer has to lay aside this program of doing his job the right way. He must think up a slogan, lard the bank balance of an advertising agency, shift his styles, paste on meaningless excrescences to provide selling points, vamp up annual models, resort

to magic, and generally insult the rules of workmanlike production. One may be sure that many a manufacturer does so with a sigh.

Both the intermediate and the ultimate consumer stand to reap great benefits from standardization and simplification. Nor will the benefits be offset by reducing consumers to the one dead level of automaton. By eliminating the bulk of gratuitous, non-informing, high-pressure advertising and salesmanship, we suspect that one of the chief forces acting in the direction of the wrong kind of standardization will be removed. Consider the standardized scares with which we have been mass-impregnated during the past few years—pyorrhea, halitosis, lack of culture (remedied by fifteen minutes a day), deficient personality (provided in ten easy lessons, send-no-money), and above all the massed scares of the patent-medicine brethren. Under impartial scientific testing most of such scares simply could not exist; they would be dissected, debunked and dissolved. Science is the implacable foe of quackery.

A journal of the American Medical Association does not believe that the most widely advertised make of toothbrush is scientifically designed from the standpoint of mouth hygiene. Yet behind the size and form of the brush as it now stands, there lies the mountain of gold which was required to invade and capture the tooth-brush market. The company must stick to that design on the penalty of damaging its market if a change, either for better or for worse, is introduced. Similarly the favorite household oil, having driven the smell of citronella into the consumer's consciousness, would have to go on using citronella even if it were proved to be the worst thing possible for a lubricant. To change the smell would jeopardize the whole great advertising investment. Time and again end products have been standardized on the basis of irrelevant or positively injurious selling points, deliberately designed to catch the consumer's uninformed eye. These the manufacturer cannot afford to change.

The sad thing about the wrong kind of standardization, now fostered by advertising, is that the cost of doing the scientific research work necessary to make the best possible article for the price, is only a tiny fraction of the usual outlay for salesmanship. When the right kind of standardization becomes more prevalent, it will pay to do a thousand dollars' worth of research on an article selling for five cents. The authors know of just one case where adequate engineering study has been devoted to a five-cent article under present conditions. Yet often millions of replicas of such articles are sold.

Before proceeding to a summary of the consumer's stake in standards, let us look at one of the chief arms of the standards technique—the specification. What are these specifications, that can

untie the knots in some of the fearful and confusing complexities of the market? In a word, a specification is a definite statement, addressed usually to a producer, of what is required in the way of composition, construction, utility, durability, efficiency, texture, shape, form, or dimension, in goods or processes.

When we are in the market for edible gelatine, we walk into our grocer's shop and ask for Jello, or Knox's gelatine. When a government hospital has need for gelatine, it turns to its supply schedule, which is a sort of mail-order catalogue without a single alluring picture, and finds the following:

Item 10,060. *Gelatin—granulated; in packages;* must not contain bacteria in excess of 50,000 per gram, arsenic in excess of 1.4 parts per million, copper in excess of 30 parts per million, and zinc in excess of 100 parts per million. . . . Maximum quantity to be furnished on this item not to exceed 5,000 lbs.; \$.3195 per lb., delivered in 10 days.

The theory underlying the specification is simple. Many manufacturers of goods do not know what is best to supply. This is witnessed by the fact that, whenever possible, they produce goods of varying characteristics for which they claim varying advantages. Even when they do know what is best, the old and the new competition frequently force them into the manufacture of meaningless variations. Therefore, says the government and the efficient private corporation, let us decide which, among the many types of articles offered, best combines the qualities we need, at minimum cost, all things considered, and then prepare a specification that will make it possible for the manufacturer to know exactly what we want, and for our inspectors to determine when such requirements have been met. When this is done, the haze of talking points fades away, and the real essentials begin to shine out with a degree of definiteness and clarity unheard of in the general run of buying.

A study of specifications leads logically into the field of what might be termed the economics of value. Our time-honored habit of measuring everything in terms of one unit, money, has the merit of simplicity, but quite ignores certain other important considerations. The chemist and the physicist should be heard as well as the economist.

In a few cases, the state has intervened to provide guarantees of value as well as of the simpler concept of weight or measure. In certain insecticides, standards of potency have been set, and are enforced by the government, but only in *interstate* transactions. For specified seeds, in certain states, germinating power is required by law to be above a stated minimum, and the amount of weed seeds below a stated maximum. The courts will hold that coal, when adulterated above a certain limit with slate or other inert matter, is not coal at all. The slow and expensive processes of the courts, how-

ever, are not able to provide the quick and sensitive response to the needs of changing industry, which new raw materials, and processes of production, demand.

Our argument for standards is essentially the setting up of dependable measures for *all kinds of values* in utility goods. This need not necessarily be a pure government function, for it is unlikely that the ground which the political state has lost, in its failure to keep pace with the elaboration of industrial values, will ever be completely recovered. It is probable that new concepts require new agencies, controlled at the top, perhaps, by the state, but operating throughout in close coöperation with industry itself, and with the consumers of industrial goods.

It is curious that the interpretation of goods in terms of *both* price and value is so little recognized. Any large buyer will demand that his receiving department count the number of bottles of ink in a shipment, measure the yardage of fabric, and weigh the coal with care; even as he will figure "net cost," so-called, to the fourth decimal place. Yet a variation in quality over a range of 50 percent will elude him time and again. Lacking specifications, this element is utterly beyond control in the average small factory, and in most of the larger ones. As for the ultimate consumer, he has never even heard of it.

We are not naïve enough to suggest that quality has never been a factor in price. It is always a factor. But the standards for measuring it are very imperfectly developed as compared with standards for weight and volume. Failing such standards, the door is thrown open to the quack, the charlatan, and the profiteer. And failing such standards, the odds against the honest and painstaking manufacturer are impossibly high.

There is nothing about standardization as here defined to preclude innovation and improvement. The very existence of a standard is a constant invitation to experimentation and development. It is when no clearly defined standard exists, when only custom and usage govern, that new ideas and new methods are difficult to introduce. Nor does a standard involve the idea of perfection; it does represent the best that can be obtained in large numbers and with economy, when all factors in cost are considered.

Standards appeal more directly to the interest of the intermediate consumer than to the ultimate consumer, though in the long run, because of his greater difficulty in finding goods to supply his needs, the latter stands to secure the larger benefit. The factory owner is quick to see the economy and common sense of methods protecting the quality of his raw materials. Furthermore, either on his own initiative, or through the action of his industrial group, the technique of specifications lies always ready to his hand.

The ultimate consumer, unless organized in a buying club or a coöperative association, cannot readily buy to specification. The technique is much more difficult for him to use. His main protection must come from such general specifications as the government can lay down in the matter of pure food, pure drugs, pure milk, plainly marked grades, and the rest. But specifications are only one element of standards. As standards gain headway in industry in general the ultimate consumer stands to gain. Standards expedite purchasing, enabling him to secure goods, and particularly replacement parts, promptly and without errors; they favor development work and the quick utilization of research by affording a definite point of departure at which new designs and improvements can begin. Perhaps most astonishing of all to the lay mind, standards often actually *improve* a given product, because, due to stability of demand, the product can be built with more specialized and more precise tools, and with more research behind it, than is the case when small quantities and excessive varieties are the order of the day. (For nicety of workmanship and exact adaptation to its work, the present-day vacuum tube or fine watch has no counterpart in handicraft industry.)

The Chamber of Commerce of the United States has estimated that one-quarter of all industrial effort in America is wasted because of irrelevant over-diversification of styles, types and sizes. This means the labor power of approximately 5,000,000 men and women, and a full 25 percent in the cost of living. And this is only one factor in the consumer's total stake in standards.

STUART CHASE and F. J. SCHLINK.

(This is the fourth in a series of articles which will appear, much expanded, in a book to be published this spring by the Macmillan Company, under the title, Getting Your Money's Worth.

In the fifth article the authors will tell the way out of Wonderland, and how to find it.)

Washington Notes

ONE of the most interesting things I have heard here lately is the undercover whisper that the governmental opposition to foreign loans by American bankers to debtor nations that have not ratified agreements with Washington has been transferred from the Treasury Department to the State Department. In other words, that it is now Mr. Kellogg, not Mr. Mellon, whose approval must be had. It is also reported that the New York bankers who want to lend money abroad are preparing to revolt, and that a delegation of them may shortly be expected in Washington with the idea of having a show-down with the government. In effect, it is suggested, the bankers propose to ask, in reference to prospective French and German loans—"See here, do you want this loan made with or without governmental approval?" Whether this story

is based on hard fact or not, I am unable to say, but it does not seem to me altogether logical or likely that Mr. Kellogg, who surely has troubles enough, should go out of his way to take any such attitude as this. Perhaps it is merely another manifestation of the general disposition to make him the Cabinet goat. Still, one can never tell, and the Secretary of State has permitted the Mexican and Nicaraguan situation to keep him in a state of mind so perturbed as not to preclude wholly any possibility. He may, in a moment of excitement, have expressed himself along these lines, but I don't think he means it.

One thing I never can understand is why the Democrats in Congress have made such a hopeless fizzle of their attacks on the Coolidge economy fake. More than anything else it demonstrates the awful ineptitude of Democratic leadership and the complete absence of any thoughtful or thought-out Democratic strategy. To the most superficial person it must be obvious that the entire Coolidge prestige is largely built around the economy buncombe. All the resources of the Republican press and the administration publicity machine have been employed to make it seem real. Toward this end Mr. Coolidge himself has constantly contributed with considerable cunning and, at times, complete lack of candor. The whole idea has been to hook up debt reduction and tax cuts with "Coolidge economy," which, while it sounds plausible, is so absurdly untrue and so easily shown to be silly, that the wonder is that any party would have the effrontery to present it as a claim. Yet the administration organs and spokesmen have done it for three solid years, and still keep it up. It is so easy to show the utter insincerity and falsity of such pretensions, together with the lack of substance in the whole economy business, that it is literally amazing that the Democrats have not concentrated on it. It is almost incredible that there has not been unified action on this subject, at least.

It would certainly seem that wet Democrats and dry Democrats could join in exposing this particular and fundamental piece of Republican humbuggery—but they do not. It is true that, in the House, Representative Byrnes of Tennessee has made some first-class speeches and presented a lot of convincing figures, which Republican leaders in Congress and Republican newspapers have made no attempt to combat. It is also true that Senator King of Utah and Senator Harrison of Mississippi have both presented the Byrnes figures—and some of their own—in the Senate, but in neither branch do they really get anywhere. One reason, of course, is that the press, being largely Republican and pro-Coolidge, plays down and not up such assaults, and the general disposition is to treat them as scurrilous partisan attacks. Unquestionably they are partisan, but they certainly are not scurrilous. The economy claims are fraudulent claims and the figures prove it. As Pat Harrison brought out last week in the Senate, even the expenses of White House maintenance are up under Coolidge as compared to Harding, and very much up as compared to Wilson. The whole economy business is a sham and a fraud, and the reason the administration has been able to get away with it is that its solemn assumption of virtue has been aided by the failure of the Dem-

ocrats in Congress to unite in a sustained and determined effort to break down the false pretense and bare the facts. If such an attack had been made with skill and vigor, with persistence and earnestness, Coolidge economy would long since have become a joke and would be now known for the fake it is. Instead, the Democratic attack has been spasmodic, feeble, futile. The strong men of the party in House and Senate have failed to take it up, although it must have been apparent to them that the reputation for thrift in government was the real basis for the Coolidge popularity; that such a reputation was wholly undeserved; that, while Mr. Coolidge unceasingly prates about economy, he lacks the strength to put real economies into effect. His failure to stop the cruiser appropriations is but one of many examples.

It was natural that Dr. Butler's unexpected blast about the fatal mistake of a third-term effort upon the part of the good Calvin should create resentment among members of the Massachusetts "inner guard," who are so close to the President that on nights free from official social functions they go with him up in the library, smoke thirty-cent cigars and all have a thrilling time talking precinct politics, state patronage, White House invitations and newspaper ownerships. But I did not expect the bitterness to be so pronounced. Actually some exceedingly rough and cutting things were said about the good Doctor, and while he may still consider himself the President's "personal friend," it will be better for his peace of mind that he does not know what he is considered and called by these closer "personal friends" of the President. The truth is that what he said came at a particularly inopportune time for the little White House group, which, with cautious coöperation from Calvin, has been working day and night for a good many weeks to gain for him renomination without a struggle. They were beginning to think the thing as good as over—and so were a good many others. The ringing shout of the President of Columbia that a third term "won't do" may not have changed the situation overnight, but two things it certainly has done—it has again made what seemed assured extremely uncertain, and it has certainly encouraged aspirants for the nomination, notably Governor Lowden, to redouble their efforts. It is considerably less a closed fight today than it was before Dr. Butler spoke. He is too conspicuous a Republican not to carry considerable weight in a matter like this.

No wonder the "inner guard" was and still is sore. No wonder, too, that Dr. Butler did not appear at the dinner given for Mr. Coolidge in Washington on the night of the morning on which his speech was printed, although he had previously accepted the invitation. Among the guests invited by Secretary Work to meet Mr. Coolidge that night were Mr. Kent Cooper of the Associated Press, Mr. Arthur Brisbane of the Hearst papers, Mr. Roy Howard of the Scripps-Howard papers, Mr. Adolph Ochs of the New York Times, Mr. Cyrus Curtis of the Saturday Evening Post, Mr. Ogden Reed of the New York Herald-Tribune—and their wives. It is an illuminating list. Not much in the way of sympathetic support for Dr. Butler and his quaint idea that Mr. Coolidge will not run again if

he gets the chance can be culled from the columns of the publications owned or controlled by this formidable list of high-powered journalists. It is interesting also to note that at the same dinner, together with the journalists, were Mr. Henry Ford, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Judge Elbert Gary, Charles M. Schwab, Simon Guggenheim and George Eastman. Someone with a mean disposition might enjoy commenting on the combination—and it is a temptation, particularly in view of the fact that nearly all of both the journalistic group and the financial group have been fairly recent guests at the White House—but I refrain.

Washington.

T. R. B.

Primitive Negro Sculpture

THE collection of primitive African sculpture shown by Theatre Arts, Inc. at the New Art Circle must be one of the best in the world; and such a review as this must be, therefore, most unsatisfactory. To those who know the subject it can be interesting only as news; and to those who do not, it will by no means be enough. These last may wisely go on from this account into the recent book by Paul Guillaume and Thomas Munro (*Primitive Negro Sculpture*; Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York), which, if often obvious for people who know anything about art at all, is patiently explanatory, and is throughout very sound, fundamental, unpugnacious and inclusive. Or they may read Mr. Roger Fry's well known article in his *Vision and Design*; or Mr. Clive Bell's in his *Since Cézanne*.

The exhibition at the New Art Circle presents nearly a thousand pieces. There are masks, fetishes in wood and ivory, bakuba boxes used by the wives of the chiefs for toilet matters, drinking horns, stools, head-rests, musical instruments, utensils, articles like combs for personal use, some pottery, some fine textiles with the traditional tribal designs, a lot of two hundred and fifty or three hundred weapons, and a collection of sixty cups, the most complete yet to be made. The collection is necessarily most unequal. To me some of it is hideous, some very fine. Some of the objects are merely domestic or curious or incidental, evidence of the decorative instinct exercised in the hours of primitive leisure; some are interesting for the light they shed on other examples of high quality, the best of their kind. These objects and works of art date from the fifteenth century, perhaps earlier, into the eighteenth. They derive in general from west central Africa, where the workers who wrought them flourished for centuries, until, in fact, our civilization arrived a century ago and changed the life from which this sculpture arose. The region where they are found includes not only Dahomey, Benin, Camerun and French Guinea, but for the best works parts of the Southwestern Sudan, the Congo, Gabun and the Ivory Coast. To us, so far away from them in race and time and distance, so strange to the flavor of their living and their gods, their migrations, ceremonials, sensualities and folk pieties, these people may seem all one, and this art of theirs may seem to possess one quality. There are diversities, however, in style and method among these African sculptures, and sometimes certain characteristics to

be ascribed to one region or another; though it is a fact that neither the tribal lines, the geographical lines nor the distinguishing traits among these peoples and their arts are as clearly cut as might be thought.

This art, though the impression of it is strong, has little associated meaning for us. We are not in the habit of seeing nature as it is seen here, and our reaction toward the resemblance that appears in this Negro sculpture is vague, voluptuous, fascinated or repelled, as the case may be. But in this very absence of association we are left free to respond to the purely plastic, to that side of this art that speaks to us solely through expressive line, mass and plane. Such a response must, of course, be purely sculptural, and would depend on your ability to perceive new forms and your openness to them, and on your recognition of art's freedom of its material. It is in the naïve boldness and entirety of this freedom, not in the freedom itself, that the Negro sculpture differs so profoundly from the sculpture of our tradition, the Greek and Renaissance. This African art rests its place in the visible world on a certain definite likeness and association; it is always based on nature and the human body. But it differs from our tradition by regarding the parts of the body or object as in themselves separate elements; they are not associated with the whole anatomy or the complete object, but are employed as units for building up the design. They are altered so that they may repeat one another's forms, they are strung together, balanced against each other, varied with crossing motives and with different treatments of the surface—whatever, in fact, will serve the plastic necessity and idea. It is by this method, and also by the fresh harvest of designs that might follow after it, that the African sculpture has so disturbed and enriched modern art.

That the ideas in this African art are often powerful and full of vigor, invention and facility in motivation, and sometimes touched with a strange grace, wit and delicacy of instinct, was admitted long ago, even by many of its enemies. That the candor and unconsciousness of its sensuality and primitive lust, and the directness of its vitality, have infuriated many and driven others to frantic defense and to knocking Greece, Holland and Italy over the head, with almost everything else in traditional art thrown in, was to be expected. And it was to be expected that this primitive sculpture, when it began to attract the eyes of Europe twenty years ago, was to exert a vast influence and to raise such dust as it did. To their adversaries, this African product was a fine case against the new movements and theories, what with its naïve bestialities, its primitive release and gross directness. To the disciples of the newer ways, this sculpture from afar, with—in the best examples, at least—its manifest fertility and invention, its undeniable completeness and its solidity of mass, its bold eliminations, its startling control of rhythm and line, was a fresh radiance along the way of Cézanne, and a passionate source of life for men like Brancusi, Archipenko, Epstein and many another.

To review the Theatre Arts collection is impossible save in the presence of it or with the use of pictures. The lute with the slim figure at the top and the pouring surface rhythms to the downward end can only express itself. The mask on the right wall, with its smooth planes whose mean-

ing takes flight and returns and fades again as you look at it, can only be seen in itself; and from it you can turn wondering to that larger and more elaborate mask, with its weight suspended by plaited bands and with the lids of the eyes almost closed, and covered with tin. But away from these sculptures we have less to say. We could tell stories about them, no doubt: of the textile patterns, for example, that children are taught to draw in the sand before their fingers are strong enough to weave, and that are sometimes tattooed, with the scar process, on the bodies of tribesmen; of the fetishes and how the spirit passed into them that was to be invoked or appeased; or of some scene when the tribal wizard put on the mask for the crowd, with the dance, the cries, the incantations. From such a variety of comment, however, this African sculpture is fortunately freer than most; the mystery and remoteness of its source cuts down anecdotes, pretty pictures and warm appeals to engaging associations. It is to the credit of this Negro art that it alone can speak for itself; and it is our good luck—as we struggle to master the language of sculpture—that its meaning must be almost wholly plastic.

STARK YOUNG.

A Number of Things

POLYKUSHKA

The moving picture bills at the Fifth Avenue Playhouse continue to be interesting. The astronomical serial is soothing and impressive; and the revival of the primitive American film called *Ruined*, or the *Tragedy of a Morphine Fiend*, has unintentionally an appealing and desultory humor like an anecdote by Ed Wynn. It is true that some of the recently shown specimens of the super-photo-art of UFA have not been quite all one could have desired: Peter the Pirate presented scenes of romance solidly but rather unglamorously cast in the best German concrete, and *Beyond the Wall* was a thick German allegory of incredible elaborateness and dullness. But Polykushka, a long Russian film made some years ago by the Moscow Art Theatre, is quite remarkable. It is curious that three of the best serious films ever made—the German *Last Laugh*, the French *Crainquebille* and the Russian *Polykushka*—should all deal with tragic episodes in the lives of old and simple men; and it is interesting to compare them. The German film followed the systematic and perhaps slightly mechanical course of modern Germany irony; and the French film preserved much of the smiling irony of the story by Anatole France. But the Russian film was as relentless, as agonizing, as interminable and as cloudy as a novel by Dostoyevsky. An old peasant on a country estate (wonderfully played by the incomparable Moskvina) is inveterately given to stealing; to put him to a test, the mistress of the estate sends him on a journey to collect some money for her. Polykushka, who is devoted to his mistress, is inspired by a childlike eagerness to prove himself worthy of her trust; on the way home, he spends the night at an inn, where he hears a young man bewailing the fact that his uncle hasn't enough money to buy a substitute for his military service; Polykushka hides his roubles in his cap and lies awake the whole night. In the morning, he starts for home in his

cart, but he grows sleepy and dozes off; he dreams that he has returned with the money and is received like the Prodigal Son. But, in the meantime, the notes have fallen out of his cap, and, when he arrives, they are gone. His mistress sends for him: rather than face her, he goes up to the garret and hangs himself. The next day, someone finds the money and brings it to the mistress. But she has been so badly harrowed by the whole incident that she refuses to receive it and gives it to the man who has found it, the uncle of the boy at the inn. Now he can buy a substitute for his nephew! That is his first thought; but he soon has a second thought: why not keep it for himself? The ghost of Polykushka appears to him in his sleep and comes to strangle him. He wakes up in a panic and hires a substitute for his nephew on the spot. The substitute gives a party at the barracks and squanders the money on vodka. On the way home from the drinking party, the happy family of the boy who has escaped service encounter the funeral of Polykushka going in the other direction.

A PLEA FOR MORE AMUSING QUESTIONNAIRES

The game of questionnaires may presently take the place of the game of crossword puzzles, which seems now to have passed its zenith. After hearing, however, about the questionnaire book called *Ask Me Another!* (Viking Press) and after reading Benchley's enthusiastic preface, one is rather disappointed when one comes to the questionnaires themselves, in which the most difficult problems posed are to supply the second line to "To be or not to be" or to tell what President of the United States was the father of another President. One feels that the game would be more amusing if the questions had a little freer range. In the hope, therefore, of promoting this end, the New Republic has prepared a list in which an attempt has been made to make the questions more interesting. Following the example of the authors of *Ask Me Another!*, who have made a practice of trying their lists out on eminent persons and recording the result, the New Republic has submitted the list that follows to its contributing editor, Mrs. Elinor Wylie, who scored an easy 90 percent.

1. Distinguish between (a) gorboduc and barleduc, (b) gelatine and gallatin, (c) celluloid and vallodolid.
2. Distinguish between and pronounce (a) lowboy and hautboy, (b) boatswain and hoatzin, (c) captain, mercaptan and merman.
3. Explain the opposition of ideas between xenophobe and chlorophyl.
4. Define the following figures of speech: (a) asymptotes, (b) astyanax, (c) asyndeton, (d) symbiosis.
5. Who were Aristotle, Averrhoes and Axolotl, and what is the connection between them?
6. (a) Where is Gongora? (b) Who was Tetanus? (c) In which one of Shakespeare's plays does Hormone appear?
7. What sins, in the Middle Ages, were designated by the following terms: (a) luxury, (b) simony, (c) philately, (d) phlebotomy?
8. What generals at what famous battles uttered the following famous sayings?
 - (a) Another such victory as that and all will be lost save honor!

- (b) Kiss me, Hardy; the poor devils are dying!
 (c) Let me make the laws of a country and the battles will be won on the playing fields of Eton.
 (d) La garde s'emmerde et ne se rend pas!
9. Locate the following: (a) Fingal's Cave, (b) Pike's Peak, (c) Pascal's Abyss, (d) Arthur's Seat.
10. Explain the properties of (a) Aaron's rod, (b) Siegfried's sword, (c) Occam's razor.
11. Give the second line of Wordsworth's sonnet beginning:
 To him who in the love of Nature holds—
12. Explain Mallarmé's famous but difficult line:
 La triste est chère, hélas, et je livre tout l'élul
13. In which of Shakespeare's plays do the following lines occur?
 (a) Off with his head! So much for Buckingham!
 (b) Hell knows no fury like a woman scorned!
 (c) Pray you, undo this button: mine eyes dazzle: she died young.
 (d) Ah, Cardinal, Hampden, Christ, Maria, God! . . .
 Pompilia, will you let them murder me?
14. Explain the meaning of the following Latin phrases:
 (a) Nec pluribus ultra.
 (b) Ars longa, nulla retrorsum.
 (c) Poeta non fit sed nascitur ridiculus mus.
15. What celebrated Latin poem begins with the following line:
 Æneadum genetrix, Troiæ qui primus ab oris—

Sour Notes on Sweet Songs

DISCUSSIONS of old songs are peculiarly likely to develop into spirited arguments. Most of us remember a few from the days of their currency, and need no more excuse than this to set up, for the moment at least, as authorities. Further, tunes tend by a network of associations to become inextricably entangled with emotion: let some stranger pull at the exposed end of the fabric and up comes the whole—so that one who publishes a work which deliberately invites such private exhumations stands to receive on the four winds a swarm of angry glosses. Such a work, for instance, has just been brought out by Sigmund Spaeth (*Read 'Em and Weep: Doubleday, Page and Company*): a magnificent anthology of the American sentimental song—a classification which includes the patriotic and infringes on the comic. Although the amusement and instruction which I have derived from it have been enormous, my gratitude to its compiler is quite subordinate to a sense of outrage: outrage, for example, at his having failed to reproduce *Bedelia*, having compared its musical appeal to that of the wretched little skip-song *Valencia* and having failed to give the parody which began

Oh, *Bedelia* had a baby and she named him Sunny Jim
 And she put him in the bathtub and you'd oughta
 seen him swim . . .

The reason why I feel thus injured, doubtless, is merely the fact that the strains of *Bedelia*, when *Bedelia* was young, used to float to my window through a mile of hazy September atmosphere from the merry-go-round at the

Merrimack County Fair; but to know this in no way mollifies me. And if this is the way humans are built, space here would be wasted and sincerity sacrificed by any conscientious inventory and appraisal of *Read 'Em and Weep*. Better to hoist the honest black flag and have at it.

At the outset, does Dr. Spaeth really believe that his examples, including such songs as *My Last Cigar*, are "interesting mainly because of their words" and so need "little in the way of musical accompaniment"—that they are equipped with all they deserve in a naked line of melody? The fact is that the collection encroaches far into other territory, while in neither its announced nor its actual field does it contain "whatever of those old songs . . . seem worth preserving," unless this "seem" be strictly and expressly referred to Dr. Spaeth. Go to! this is a single volume, largely text, containing less than one song a year since *Yankee Doodle*, and with those unevenly distributed. I doubt that most of the good mid-century songs were resurrected, to Dr. Spaeth's profit, by The Provincetown Players for the revival of *Fashion*; yet a look through these pages would give that impression. Honorable mention doesn't count. *Grandfather's Clock* is not "preserved" by merely setting down its title. Then where, scattered through the years, are *Nelly Bly*, *Oh, Susannah!* (hasn't the gentleman seen *The Covered Wagon?*), *Kingdom Coming*, or *The Year of Jubilo?* among the college songs; where *Music In the Air*, *In the Gloaming*, *The Midshipmite*, *Tarpaulin Jacket*, *Come Landlord Fill the Flowing Bowl*, the music to *White Wings*, *The Man Who Has Plenty of Good Peanuts?*; for just one of the Irish-American category, where is

Wan, two, three
 Balance wid me,
 Your right leg is lazy, your left leg is crazy,
 But don't be unaisy, I'll larn ye to waltz . . .

and for high sugar-content, why not give *Sylvie*, the words of *I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard*, and

"Always in the way"
 That's what they always say—
 I wonder why they don't kiss me
 Just the same as Sister May . . .

In reproducing *Zip Coon* it might have been recorded for future generations that at the age of 112 this song was sung as "There was a little hen, and she had a web-foot"; that *Camptown Races* at eighty was "Drunk all night, drunk the night before" (it is not supposed that all this will be news to Dr. Spaeth); on coming, in *The Lady in Crepe*, to the noble line, "As they drank their chowder they laughed all the louder," there should be a reference to

"Who put the overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder?"
 Nobody answered, so he yelled it all the louder
 "'Twas a dirrty thing to do, and I can lick the Mick
 who threw
 The overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder!"

There is a verse in *Down Went McGinty* which ought to be linked with *There's a Hole in the Bottom of the Sea*, of which two stanzas are printable and the third

logically unescapable. The parody line in Tararaboom-dere: "Johnny get your haircut pompadour" begins really to "date" only when compared with such other uses of the same jibe as occur in the marching-patter

*Left! Left! I
Hadagood jobandI
Left! I
Left my wife with fortyniggerbabies
(Hayfoot, strawfoot, bellyfullofbeansoup,
Johnnygetyahaircut, haircut, haircut)
Left!*

When Dr. Spaeth says that the habit of using meaningless syllables in a chorus has never cropped up more violently than in Tararaboomdere, he ignores a popular 1926 Charleston, Boodle-Am. He is rash in stating flatly that *You Made Me What I Am Today* (1913) was "the last of those delicate ballads dealing with the facts of life"; I cite him *Poor Little Girl She Didn't Know* (1916), and doubt that that is by any means the last. Thinking of Irving Berlin, one starts at the news that Harry Von Tilzer was

probably the last of those natural creators of melody who exercised a species of hypnotism upon the public of their day and seemed to have a genius for inevitably combining words and music in an irresistible appeal.

Doubtless with justice, the writer credits the popularity of Von Tilzer's Alexander with paving the way for Alexander's Ragtime Band, but he misses, meanwhile, a chance to score out a neat baseball play: assists for Cole and Johnson's *When the Band Plays Ragtime* (1902) and for Alexander (1904); then Berlin's *Alexander and His Clarinet* (1910) fumbling the ball; finally, Alexander's *Ragtime Band* (1911) triumphantly saving it.

But there are weightier matters afoot. Acquainted with the deadly similarity of the polite, sophisticated and radiotiose orchestras of today, I deny that quantity has recently been substituted for quality in our popular songs, let alone that jazz is responsible. More songs, but as many good, are being written now as in the nineties. Is Dr. Spaeth himself going to sugar, from all this commerce in maple products? The suspicion that he is recurs when he intimates that wholesale musical theft—conscious or unconscious—is a modern phenomenon. Pish! His own collection promptly suggests the following comparisons: Zip Coon, with the verse of *Golden Slippers*; the verse of *Golden Slippers*, with *Polly-Wolly-Doodle*; *While Strolling Through the Park*, with *Solomon Levi*; *Take Back Your Gold*, with *Strike Up the Band*, *Here Comes a Sailor*; *The Mulligan Guard*, with the policemen's chorus (*With Catlike Tread*) from *The Pirates of Penzance*. *The Wearing of the Green* is on its face a palpable robbery from the fifteenth-century Norman Christmas carol, and the derivation is historically probable; more probable than that of *The Lone Fish-ball* from another carol, but the latter resemblance is equally marked. I believe that Dr. Spaeth has been deceived into reaching his conclusion by the fact that imitations, as a family, are anæmic. Most of the old ones, accordingly, are with the one-hoss shay. Now is the time to run down the elusive twentieth-

century steal and record it for our children's boredom. Let the serious student specialize on the well covered inside job: the kind one suddenly solves between lights-out and coma, or even in sleep; best of all, because best concealed, the indubitable yet indubitably unconscious steal.

And now is the time to reject Dr. Spaeth's suggestion that the songs of the last twenty-six years are too familiar or easily available to need his preservative attention. They are here, there, and nowhere, a box of matches spilt on the ground, and till they are brought together, if not assorted, they stand to be swept away as were the lost titles in Stephen Foster's *Song of Songs*. Let Dr. Spaeth, if he will, make a comprehensive collection and analysis of our commercial song-lore, but let him stop only with last night's additions, and in the analysis, let him do the job up brown. Thus far he has collected some precious material, but he has saved his strength. In his foreword here he expressly disclaims the intention of writing a scholarly work, yet he could do so, and without being ponderous. Genial comments are all very well, even terribly jocose footnotes can be passed over, but with all the imperiousness which goes with a complete want of right or title, I call for something thorough. For a case in point: in *Words and Music* (Simon and Schuster): a little book of musical parlor tricks for the semi-professional life-of-the-party; which contains, among other things, the perfect parody on tin-pan patriotics, Dr. Spaeth delicately dissects a certain famous chorus and reveals that its every note, save only the three accompanying the word "bananas," is borrowed without leave. So far, so good, but had he chosen to finish what he started, he would have reported that twelve out of the sixteen bars in the *verse* of *Bananas* represent three further larcenies—a grand total of seven and very possibly a world's record. Such a hit-and-miss system would never do in a work wherein there are to be exposed not only kleptomania, but a thousand other features, simian, infantile, grotesque, pathological, vigorous, pretty and comic, of our on-rolling social life and musical fashions as embodied in or understood by Broadway and Forty-seventh Street, New York. There is no space here for large, constructive suggestions for the great treatise: let whoever writes it shift for himself. Anyhow, the better he does, the louder and angrier will be the complaints; complaints in which I earnestly hope to join.

ABBE NILES.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Story of Philosophers

SIR: Letters to the editor are not generally written in the fullness of knowledge and under a heavy sense of intellectual responsibility. Yet precisely because their absurdity or perversity is unpremeditated they sometimes represent great masses of readers. This I believe is the case with the letter of D. C. Williams in your issue of December 22. A large part of our reading public undoubtedly shares his boiling indignation that mere scholars (and therefore uncrowned with popular fame) should venture to criticize the scholarly shortcomings of Dr. Durant's or any other popular outline of knowledge. Mr. Williams does not of course deign to descend to the level of these scholars and point out any errors in their statements. Rather are these scholars more effectively refuted in wholesale fashion by the very ancient device of

calling them names: "dolts," etc. Of course these scholars may reply that this is an ancient logical fallacy. But in these days of popular psychology and psychoanalysis, the appeal to logic is not likely to impress many. However, the business of refuting people by attributing to them low motives can work both ways. It is easy to point out that the enthusiasm for books such as Dr. Durant's and the vehement indignation against any criticism of them are at bottom the same as the enthusiasm for demagogues and the fierce resentment that anyone should dare to lay profane hands on the People's Friend or on anyone whom the Lord Populace has anointed. Is it not flattering to popular ignorance to be told that by means of picture-books and easy outlines the path to knowledge and wisdom can be made easy, and that any member of the sovereign public can thus rise above the level of those who give their whole life to some one field? Mr. Williams's contempt for accurate knowledge is shown in his reference to mathematics as a "minor technical trickery." What is this but an appeal to the prejudice of the ignorant?

The appeal to popular ignorance also underlies the letter of my friend Professor Schapiro in your issue of January 5. Professor Schapiro hails Dr. Durant's book because it slights metaphysics. Yet, if Professor Schapiro consistently believes that metaphysics "has had a very real and very evil influence on the development of human thoughts," he should condemn Dr. Durant for trying to tell the story of Othello without the rôle of the arch-villain. The truth, however, seems to be that all those who are for philosophy but against metaphysics are blissfully innocent of any knowledge of philosophy and its history, else they would have realized the difficulty of naming a single great philosopher with the possible exception of Comte who was not a metaphysician.

As Professor Schapiro is a distinguished teacher of history, justice demands that his attempted sketch of the history of philosophy should be characterized for what it is, namely, as an old fable. This fable rests on invincible ignorance—invincible, that is, so long as people resolutely refuse to read the great mediæval and modern thinkers whom they sweepingly and indiscriminately condemn. Professor Schapiro certainly cannot support his rash assertion that in the hands of the mediæval scholastics "metaphysics became a terrifying verbalism . . . which led to arid controversies and to nothing else." He cannot mention any issue of fundamental human importance, or "searching inquiry into human problems" on which the mediæval scholastics have not said something of great importance. That metaphysical inquiry, like other human efforts, such as statesmanship, historical research, etc., has frequently been unsound and productive of error and illusion, no critical philosopher will deny. But it is ridiculous to maintain that any inquiry into fundamental human problems can be genuinely philosophic without that obstinate effort to think clearly about ultimates which William James characterized as the essence of metaphysics. In straining at the limits of human knowledge the metaphysician may often fall into what the multitude regards as the abyss of absurdity. But without such straining after ultimates, all discussion of human problems is just superficial talk, temporarily fascinating, perhaps, but, like cut flowers, devoid of roots and fruit.

Professor Schapiro concludes, "when *The Story of Philosophy* was published a cry of anguish went up from the metaphysicians." This again to my certain knowledge is not an historic fact. I know all the philosophers in this country that profess to be metaphysicians—there are not very many of them—and I can assure Professor Schapiro that none of them was seriously disturbed when Dr. Durant's books first appeared as a number of Haldemann-Julius five-cent booklets. There was not enough substance in these booklets—good or bad—to cause any metaphysician any worry. The fact that in a new format and with extensive advertising the book began to rival *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* as a best seller, may be a significant fact of contemporary interest, but it throws little light on the nature and destiny of human life or on the physical world of which it is a part. Some years ago Professor Cushman wrote a *Beginners' History of Philosophy*, which, though it did not have any smart-Aleckisms, is said to have sold nearly 100,000 copies. The current of metaphysical thought has not been affected by either book.

There can be no doubt that the pride of professional knowledge

is petty, blinding and ridiculous. Mr. Bradley, the greatest of modern English philosophers, long ago pointed out that on no one is pride of knowledge so ill fitting as on the philosopher. But it should be remembered that the pride of ignorance transcends all bounds of decency.

MORRIS R. COHEN.

New York, N. Y.

How Privates Complain

SIR: This is a rejoinder to the letter of Captain Alan Pendleton in the *New Republic* of February 2.

I agree with you that the army complaint procedure is like that which the League of Nations prescribes for mandated peoples. Army Regulations are now silent upon this subject, but the practice is invariable. Upon the organization of a company, the commander issues an order directing privates to get permission from the adjutant before speaking to the commander, and to get permission of the first sergeant before speaking to the adjutant, and, usually, to get permission of the platoon sergeant before speaking to the first sergeant. This company order is repeated whenever the captain thinks desirable: its principles are so generally accepted that a soldier might be convicted of disobedience in going counter to them, even if the commander had neglected to promulgate the order.

Thus, if a soldier feels that he has been wronged by his platoon or first sergeant, his adjutant or his captain—the very persons who most concern him—all he needs to do is get the consent of all these persons to such redress as he wishes.

A typical instance occurred here at Crissy Field a year ago. A first sergeant lied about a private to an officer, thereby losing the private about a hundred dollars in extra pay, and giving the private the reputation of a felon. Caught in the lie, the first sergeant refused the soldier an audience with the commander. The chaplain having declined to give any advice one way or the other, the private asked a personal friend of his, a clerk in the Inspector General's office, what to do. Upon learning of this, the commander confined the soldier for a month—during the Christmas holidays—in the guard house. The soldier's friends brought political pressure to bear and eventually he was released: otherwise his term of confinement would have been longer.

I cannot but wonder where Captain Pendleton has been. Soldiers are notoriously given to disagreement upon the practices common to the military service, but on the subject of military channels of communication there would seem to be no room for argument. The procedure is universally as I have indicated. The captain's letter is rather amazing.

MANUEL BOY FRANK,

San Francisco, California.

2d Lieutenant, Q. M. Res.

A Letter from Bunin

[The following is an extract from a letter from Ivan Bunin to a friend in this country. Mr. Bunin's address is: 1 rue Offenbach, Paris 16.—THE EDITORS.]

"I have a request to make, which will probably appear strange to you, even absurd perhaps, but which is prompted by almost desperate circumstances. . . . You are a friend of Russian literature, of Russian culture—help me, if you can.

"The matter is very simple: I am worn out by perpetual want, perpetual anxiety and privations. My story is common—my wife and I escaped to western Europe almost naked, without a cent. My literary earnings are paltry, despite my 'fame'; translations give me in the end mere trifles (I am not for the popular masses, and the publishers cheat me to boot). To be sure, we live somehow, but precisely *somehow*, in alarm and uncertainty, wretchedly, and even at that only as long as we are in good health. It becomes quite unbearable when, as now, a misfortune visits our home (my wife has been severely ill all fall, and in two weeks she is to have an operation). So here I am writing to you; do you happen to know of some odd American, or of some literary society, who might help me out, if only for a time? Ah, if I could live and work peacefully for one year, at least for half a year, more or less peacefully!

"Forgive my brevity—you readily understand how I feel about writing such a letter!" . . .

Yeats's Memoirs

Autobiographies, by W. B. Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company. 477 pages. \$3.50.

THE first instalment of Yeats's autobiography, *Reveries Over Childhood and Youth*, was published in 1916. The longer work called *The Trembling of the Veil*, beginning where the *Reveries* left off, appeared serially a few years ago in *The London Mercury* and *The Dial*. *The Trembling of the Veil* was then published in England in a limited and expensive edition. Now both, in a revised form, have been published together and, as the final volume of the collected edition of Yeats, have for the first time been made accessible to the general public. There can be little doubt, I think, that this is one of the most important literary events of the year.

We have a certain feeling of surprise when this volume first comes into our hands, as if we had acquired something intrinsically precious: it seems to have a value somehow different from the value of the ordinary new book, the value not merely, like that of many good modern books, of a sound piece of intellectual currency, clipped by a sharp cutter and stamped by a solvent mint, but the value of some hand-woven fabric like Paisley shawls or Lorraine lace, some fabric which is only obtainable from the people of some small rural region and which is as intimate an emanation of their persons as the peculiar texture of their skin, their local dialect or the way they prepare their food. In this, Mr. Yeats represents a kind of writing which has almost entirely disappeared. The prose writers of the seventeenth century were distinguished by this peculiar combination of homeliness with fine quality and we prize them for the same peculiar value. Why do we still read the sermons of Donne and the prefaces of Dryden? Not because they have much that is important to say, but because we enjoy them as beautiful specimens of a lost loomcraft. Their prose is not a whole costume, wig and make-up designed to maintain a theatrical character, like that of so many of the Victorians, that of Meredith, Dickens, Macaulay or Carlyle; but an easy and elegant garment showing the natural outlines of their minds and temperaments as the clothes of beautiful women show the outlines of their bodies. And their style has a little in common with the goldsmith work of a writer like Pater—the goldsmith work of an age when the goldsmith is self-conscious at practising a lost art, the goldsmith work of an age of manufactured ornaments—as it has with the hard lines and efficiency of a good writer characteristically modern, like Bernard Shaw. Yeats himself, in his discussion of Shaw and of modern art and literature generally, suggests these comparisons. Of Butler, he writes that he was “the first Englishman to make the discovery, that it is possible to write with great effect without music, without style, either good or bad, to eliminate from the mind all emotional implication and to prefer plain water to every vintage, so much metropolitan lead and solder to any tendril of the vine.”

This culture, at once so natural and homely and so fastidious and distinguished, of which Yeats's style is the inimitable product, is also what makes his point of view so interesting and so different from that of most of his contemporaries. It is culture such as we may find nowadays only in someone who, like Yeats, has come from some backward province of a first-rate modern civilization, some province a hundred years behind the times, but with

a high local civilization of its own; who has had opportunities for wide travel and wide reading and for direct contact with the best thought of his time; but who has never really become assimilated by any modern urban or suburban society and who at last finds the fibre of his temperament still growing so strongly in the grain of his province that he is content to return among its landlords and peasants, among its thorn-bushes and stones, and to study life in those familiar relations. To the life of London, as to the life of Dublin, Yeats brought, not merely a deeply reflective mind and the imaginative insight of a man of genius, but the special point of view of a provincial, almost the point of view of a man from the past; and it is no doubt true that the special situation which supplied him with the critical eye of the outsider has also allowed the leisure which gives range for reflection and fed the imagination with natural beauty and with a still living and therefore nourishing mythology.

We have had a good many memoirs, for example, of the artists and writers of the eighties and nineties. Such figures as Beardsley, Dowson and Wilde have each his fantastic and amusing legend. But when we read Yeats's account of these men, we seem to be hearing about the men, as distinguished from the legendary Pierrots, for the first time: everything else we have read about them seems trifling and rather cheap. We realize also the extent to which this generation has formally been made a moral issue and how much the criticism of it has been colored by prejudice. It has been common either to reprobate this group or to accept them on the face value of their poses. But Yeats approaches them simply as friends, whose experiences he shared, whose abilities he admired, and in whose problems he sees, as he does everywhere, the problems of our general humanity—so that they acquire a sort of importance and significance which, even in their vividest moments of self-dramatization, they have never had before. “The Wilde family was clearly of the sort that fed the imagination of Charles Lever; dirty, untidy, daring, and what Charles Lever, who loved more normal activities, might not have valued so highly, very imaginative and learned. Lady Wilde, who when I knew her received her friends with blinds drawn and shutters closed that none might see her withered face, longed always perhaps, though certainly amid much self-mockery, for some impossible splendor of character and circumstance. She lived near her son in level Chelsea, but I have heard her say, ‘I want to live on some high place, Primrose Hill or Highgate, because I was an eagle in my youth.’ I think her son lived with no self-mockery at all an imaginary life; perpetually performed a play which was in all things the opposite of all that he had known in childhood and early youth; never put off completely his wonder at opening his eyes every morning on his own beautiful house, and in remembering that he had dined yesterday with a duchess, and that he delighted in Flaubert and Pater, read Homer in the original and not as a schoolmaster reads him for the grammar. I think, too, that because of all that half-civilized blood in his veins he could not endure the sedentary toil of creative art and so remained a man of action, exaggerating, for the sake of immediate effect, every trick learned from his masters, turning their easel painting into painted scenes.” “I know that some turn of disease had begun to parade erotic images before his [Beardsley's] eyes, and I do not doubt that he drew these images. ‘I make a blot upon the paper,’ he said to me; ‘and I begin to shove

the ink about and something comes.' But I was wrong to say that he drew these things in rage against iniquity, for to know that rage he must needs be objective, concerned with other people, with the Church or the Divinity, with something outside his own head, and responsible not for the knowledge, but for the consequence of sin. His preparation had been the exhaustion of sin in act, while the preparation of the Saint is the exhaustion of his pride, and instead of the Saint's humility, he had come to see the images of the mind in a kind of frozen passion, the virginity of the intellect. . . . I think that his conversion to Catholicism was sincere, but that so much of impulse as could exhaust itself in prayer and ceremony, in formal action and desire, found itself mocked by the antithetical image; and yet I am perhaps mistaken, perhaps it was merely his recognition that historical Christianity had dwindled to a box of toys, and that it might be amusing to empty the whole box on to the counterpane." It would take up too much space here to quote the remarkable pages in which Yeats describes the group as a whole and attempts to determine their significance and to explain their tragedy.

Yet to speak of this book as if its interest lay merely in its account of the *fin de siècle* or of the Irish renaissance is to give an entirely inadequate idea of it. Yeats's importance lies precisely in the fact that he is one of the boldest and profoundest critics of the whole life of the present age. Hitherto, he has been known chiefly as a poet; but, with the publication of this maturest of his prose books, in which the over-elaborateness of the poet experimenting with prose has entirely disappeared, he must take his place in the very first rank of the prose writers of the time.

EDMUND WILSON.

Goodness, Beauty, Truth

General Theory of Value, by Ralph Barton Perry. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 702 pages. \$6.

BOOKS written by philosophers, after the age of Durant, fall into three general classes: those widely read by well educated people, those read only by speculative technicians, those not read at all. There is a surprising number of the last class, a growing number of the first class, and, now as always, a few of the second class. This book of Professor Perry's is conspicuously a book for the specialist, though he may be found in any one of the social sciences and even in the biological sciences. Its audience is restricted, not so much because of a special vocabulary, as because of its detailed treatment of refined questions and by the sheer size that results from the author's determination, not to cut, but to untie the Gordian knot. The predilection for short books is not likely ever completely to capture the philosopher: not merely because he aims so ponderously at the heart of the matter, but also because he aims so hard at the head of man.

It would, indeed, require another book to evaluate this one critically with any justice, but even in brief compass its larger content and general trend may be sketched. Professor Perry sets out to find the common denominator of all values, and thus to disclose the common ground of all studies that deal with the valuable—ethics, æsthetics, economics, religion, and the like. Following the cue, and greatly deepening the insight, of his simpler earlier book, *The Moral Economy*, he fixes upon the concept of "interest" as being the fundamental category of value. No interest, then, no value. But is a thing valuable merely

when, or also because, an interest in it arises? The latter conclusion is asserted and emerges as justified when he has shown that value is not merely "the qualified object of interest," nor yet merely "the object of qualified interest," but that value attaches to any object whatsoever in which any interest whatsoever is taken by any form of life whatsoever. Reduced thus to interest, which in turn is distinguished from sheer feeling as having a heavy inoculation of both motor and cognitive elements, values must depend for eventual classification upon the actual modes of interest. So regarded, values are "inherited or acquired, positive or negative, recurrent or progressive, real or playful, aggressive or submissive, subjective or objective." Their great fields are now marked by science, conscience, art, industry, state, and church, but another volume is promised for "the rectification of frontiers and the establishment of order among these historically authentic realms."

Through the mediation of intelligence this biocentric theory of value reaches its culmination in the homocentric sphere. There is no higher centre than man from which interest may proceed to invest the world with value; for society, though real, is not a person, and God, conceived as a person, is not real. Since, then, all interest creates values, the test of value must be the presence of more or less interest. With the genesis, mutation, and integration of interests considered, the specific criteria that emerge for value are intensity, preference, and inclusiveness. But the latter test is of peculiar import, because through it alone can the harmonious personal will or the harmonious social order be shown to be, what it has commonly and truly been assumed to be, the highest good. The book closes with an eloquent exposition of the highest good—that "definable ideal which, if adopted by all as an ideal, would be best; and it is the ideal which is by its nature best qualified to be so adopted." Doubly ideal, indeed; and, alas, alas, doubly hypothetical! But here is a tough-minded philosopher who will not bolster his faith by confusing the ideal and the real, nor lose his faith because it involves a venture.

Such is this pretentious book, in outline so meagre as to be unfair, even if it can claim to be suggestive. For no peak is gained by this scholarly author until he has covered and searched every convolution of lesser hills and intervening valleys. In his polemic advance, he mops up every enemy trench and stakes out the claims of every friendly ally. Out of universal technical literature (though with emphasis upon modern times and upon the ethical realm), he gathers proof for his own thesis and disproof for all opposing views. His thesis itself is not new; it is indeed so old that I cannot doubt the author's faith that it is the basic texture of universal common sense. His virtue is not, therefore, so much one of discovery as of complete clarification, comprehensive proof, and universal application of the age-old gospel that interest and value are one. No ordinarily prudent person will hereafter write upon any aspect of value without this book at his elbow or in his head. This treatise has all the paraphernalia and patience which we have hitherto attributed to German scholarship; it has also not a little of the leisure and charm with which we have credited the English temper; and it betrays all the faith and kindliness and audacity of our youthful democracy in trumpeting as its finale the humble truth that "of all great gifts the commonest is loving-kindness: and of all great gifts, this is the greatest."

T. V. SMITH.

Humbert Wolfe

Humoresque, by Humbert Wolfe. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 87 pages. \$2.

WHEN sense, we say, is subsidiary to sound we have poetry; and when sound, we sententiously continue, is subsidiary to sense we have prose, hastening to add that even though the two vary slightly in proportion they must be complementary. Besides being secure in the first of these divisions, Humbert Wolfe is that highly questionable thing "original." He has clung to the subject matter of the past, but has renovated it with skilful hands and decorated it with odd rhymes, charming rhythms. Words such as "over, lover; players, vers; verse, hers; word, erred" he rhymes constantly, and it is obvious that to him the prominent consonant is the essential thing. His rhythms are less experimental, more assured. They are, in Mr. Wolfe's own words, "Beauty's deliberate breath." They have the sound of harp improvisations or silvered waves beating softly against the shore. "Gold" and "silver" are favorite words of his and the warmth of one, the classic frigidity of the other, are the two poles between which his poetry quietly unwinds itself.

London Sonnets and Shylock Reasons with Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Wolfe's first volumes, indicated only to a slight degree the potentialities later to become actualities. In these he dealt rather dully with sound, established forms. The sonnet has never been satisfactory for him. Its formality is alien to his essential informality. It needs an emotional tumult and an intellectual depth which Mr. Wolfe cannot supply. In his later attempts he has achieved good poetry, but dubious sonnets.

His two subsequent volumes, *Kensington Gardens* and *The Unknown Goddess*, published several years later, give us a Humbert Wolfe so immensely improved that he is hardly recognizable. *Kensington Gardens* is so childlike in perception and so masterful in presentation, so full of humor and imagery and whimsy and freshness, that one cannot go wrong in quoting it anywhere—whether one hits upon the squirrel who is like a small gray coffee pot when he sits, or the tulip:

Clean as a lady,
cool as glass,
fresh without fragrance
the tulip was.

The craftsman, who carved her
of metal, prayed:
"Live, oh thou lovely!"
Half metal she stayed.

or upon Queen Victoria's statue done by her daughter
Beatrice where

The shape's all wrong,
and the crown don't fit,
but—bless her old heart!
she was proud of it.

and the deaf gardener who was "wore out stoopin' over
impident sword-blue lupin."

The Unknown Goddess is his most serious, most substantial volume. Mature thought facilely expressed, charm implicit rather than obtruded, give us such phrases as "a river painted with the dawn's wistful stratagems of dusted gold," and

But wild love has never yet
stormed the silver parapet
of the guarded birch—the slim
lady, that will none of him.

Of an avalanche of recent poetry this is one of the few volumes as to which we may hazard a hope of survival.

We feel that, after these two volumes, *Humoresque* (his first book to be published in America) is pathetically anticlimactic. Perhaps the bits of poetry spun in dramatic form about Pierrot and Pierrette are—à la Theodore Dreiser—part of a larger design, but we must judge literary inadequacies on their face value. The verse in this volume, though pretty, fragile and graceful, is not spirited, not fresh. Many of the poems seem rather lacking in substance; and, even where substance is not lacking, the expression seems imperfect. There are charming exceptions. *Pierrette Writes* is a delicate thing.

You were yourself, not made for praise or blame,
and, in your music lonely but content,
between two snatches of a song you came,
and in the silence after song you went.

Mountain Flowers has a brittle loveliness:

Tread softly! For I think the gentian
is blue enamel on the smooth green grass,
painted long since by some Italian
or Dutch artificer in colored glass;

Neither *Moon* nor *Candle-Light* is one of the loveliest things the volume contains:

If I looked out on any night,
at the head of the cold dark stair
I could see a little light
quietly burning there.

Any night, and every night,
and all the long night through,
neither moon nor candle-light
but just the light of you.

Sometimes it glimmered in the air,
sometimes it brushed the floor,
but every night I found it there;
I shall not any more.

And, indeed,

Sweetly they'll trouble
the listeners
with the cold dropped pebble
of painless verse.

and

and hear! against
your window-pane
his music vertical
as rain.

Remy de Gourmont once suggested that by the dissociation of ideas superficiality was evaded. Scampering about on the surface looking for words and forms—both essential to poetry—may easily bring one to forgetting the original impulse. In the case of Humbert Wolfe, we feel a little like the friendly lady who warned Logan Pearsall Smith to be careful: she "had known people who polished and pol-

ished until all that remained was surface." For the surface may become so brittle that a blast of intelligence (such as sometimes occurs even in poetry-readers) combined with the fury of expectant emotion too constantly frustrated, will shatter him and his beautiful wares to eternal, though shining, bits.

ELLING AANNESAD.

Chipping Some More Gilt Off the Frame

Wine, Women and War: A Diary of Disillusionment. Anonymous. New York: J. H. Sears and Company. 321 pages. \$2.50.

DO not be misled by the swagger of the title, *Wine, Women and War*: the author of this diary is not a Captain Flagg come to life. Nor by the subtitle, *A Diary of Disillusionment*: the disillusioning is not enough to sear—at least, not in 1927. It is a pity the publishers have attempted to give the impression that this book is a gory spree, for it is interesting enough to stand on its own feet. The author was a reserve officer with a gift for concise, often ironic expression, who was trained for the Field Artillery and used for almost everything except that, in France during the War.

He was twenty-nine years old when he was shipped overseas as a brand new First Lieutenant of Field Artillery. He left a wife and son whom he loved in America, and went through the War with one eye cocked prudently on their future. He was ready to take his chances with the rest, but he was never fully in the mood of *Wine, Women and War*. The surprising thing was, in those days, that there should have been so many who were. Our anonymous author was a college man—apparently from Yale—and a writer of fiction for popular magazines.

As soon as he landed in France, he was thoroughly trained in equitation at Saumur; and never saw a horse again during the War. He was then given a stiff mathematical and practical education in tractors at another camp, and when he knew all about internal combustion was sent to Bordeaux to impart his knowledge to newcomers; and handed a radio job instead. He was soon transferred to the liaison service because he spoke French; and when he tried to get into the tanks landed in the Intelligence and was given a desk. He finished the War sleuthing for spies at Le Havre. In short, his thirteen months in France were spent in accumulating frustrated energy. When the pressure got too strong, he went out and had a few drinks.

His diary sounds genuine and the editor assures us it has not been tampered with. It is the day-by-day record of his jobs, travels, parties, speculations and gradual shedding of Wilsonesque ideals about the divine inspiration of statesmen. Written for his own eyes, it is often successful in condensing an impression or situation into a few words. It is straightforward and honest, if not exceptional. It has been surpassed by other war books in depth of feeling and keenness of thought; but it will be valuable for its picture of the routine life of one of the thousands of civilian-officers who worked, fretted and sipped good wine in the Service of Supplies.

LAWRENCE S. MORRIS.

A Pioneer Student of the Ants

The Natural History of Ants, by René-Antoine Ferchault de Réaumur. Translated, with an Introduction and Notes, by William Morton Wheeler. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 280 pages. \$5.

IN the modern rush for scientific gold, we are often inclined to forget the early pioneer prospectors who made this search possible. It is only during such spectacles of human psychology as the Dayton trial that we are able to understand more clearly the intellectual isolation and fearlessness of those great men who first turned an objective vision upon the wonders of reality, at a time when their method of arriving at truth had no pragmatic justification.

Professor William Morton Wheeler of Harvard, while acting as exchange professor at the University of Paris, discovered an unpublished manuscript of Réaumur's entitled *Histoire des Fourmis*. These pages on the behavior of ants were evidently destined to be included in one of the ten quarto volumes of the *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire des Insectes*, only six of which were published during 1734-1742. This study of the life of the ants placed before the public at this time does not add materially to modern knowledge of these fascinating insects, nor had it, unfortunately, any influence on the development of modern biological knowledge, as it lay in the archives of the Academy of Sciences in Paris. Réaumur's observations, however, particularly with the illuminating and sympathetic introduction and notes by Professor Wheeler, serve to focus our attention upon the mind of the greatest of the eighteenth century naturalists, and give us an historical perspective on the period when modern science was slowly emerging from the introspective mind of the mediæval world. In addition, Réaumur's style is readable, and an atmosphere of original research, rarely found in modern popular expositions of biological marvels, permeates the pages.

The name of René-Antoine Ferchault de Réaumur is connected with several fields of endeavor. His thermometer and his researches in steel and porcelain manufacture have given him a place in physics and in the industrial history of France. It is in the domain of biology, however, that Réaumur's genius reached its culmination. His researches delved into the mysteries of the growth of fish scales and mollusc shells, the artificial incubation of eggs, the silk of spiders, the locomotion of starfish, the regeneration of cast limbs of crustaceans, and the digestive differences of herbivorous and carnivorous birds.

But the greatest study of all is the classic *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire des Insectes*. This work alone would be sufficient to establish him among the great biological pioneers and to justify the words of Huxley—"I know of no one who is to be placed in the same rank with Darwin except Réaumur." The observations and experiments recorded in these volumes, together with the new volume given us by Professor Wheeler, rank Réaumur as the father of Ecology, that science of the interrelationship between the whole organism and its environment, which is only now taking a prominent place among the sub-sciences of biology.

His observations upon the construction of the nests, the utilization of secretions for making earth or wood into building material, his employment of artificial observation nests for the study of the social habits of the ants, his discovery of the mutually helpful symbiotic relationships

between ants and plant lice and ants and scale insects, and above all, his reliance upon the experimental method and his mild contempt for the prevalent superstitions and non-critical beliefs of his time, not merely place him in a position of superiority to his biological contemporaries, but make him a model for modern biologists.

The scientific ideal that was so long in pushing through the hard soil of subjective philosophy is beautifully expressed by Réaumur in the following passage:

In a word, the attempt has been made to convert the ants into little men, more perfect than the large ones to whom they have been proposed as models worthy of imitation. It is certainly permissible to regard the ants as small animals of even greater accomplishments, if one have need of them in the composition of a pretty and instructive fable; but inasmuch as it seems to me that it is not permitted to naturalists to represent them otherwise than Nature has made them or rather such as we can observe them, the reader will find in the history we are about to present no facts so suited as those I have cited, perhaps at too great length, to do honour to the intelligence and good manners of these little creatures; but as compensation there will be found some singular facts of greater certainty, and among them several that have not been observed heretofore and are well worth observing.

ALFRED EDWARDS EMERSON.

The First Psychological Novel in English

The Book of Troilus and Criseyde, by Geoffrey Chaucer. Edited from all the known manuscripts by R. K. Root. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 573 pages. \$6.

IF the souls of poets dead and gone are granted the pleasure or the pain of reading each new edition of their poems, Geoffrey Chaucer must have suffered agonies several times in the last five hundred years. And not least perhaps when the first English printer, William Caxton—or Cawston, as he doubtless pronounced his name—published the first edition of the *Canterbury Tales*. But Caxton made a delightful apology—which must have pleased Chaucer as much as the old printer hoped it would—and did his best to make real amends. Since then many editors have striven sincerely to better the work of their predecessors, some by a purer text, some by a finer dress.

The year 1926 must have brought Chaucer special satisfaction, for it witnessed the production of a text of his *Book of Troilus and Criseyde* representing more nearly what he wrote than any previous edition or extant manuscript. And one can well believe that the poet who penned the sharp rebuke to Adam the scrivener about this very poem was more subtly pleased with Professor Root's volume than with the sumptuous edition of the same poem recently published in England or even with William Morris's beautiful print of the *Canterbury Tales*.

A competent scholar has recently calculated that Root's text shows noteworthy differences from the Globe edition in 1 or 2 percent of the lines and from Professor Skeat's edition in 5 or 10 percent. There could hardly be higher praise than this. And the Princeton University Press has given the volume a dress worthy of the text.

JOHN M. MANLY.

Current Fiction

Doomsday, by Warwick Deeping. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

SORRELL & SON was very long, but so amiably well done that one forgave Mr. Deeping his prolixity. This book seems even longer, and certainly less easy to accept, unprotesting. As before, Mr. Deeping's people are well conceived and firmly drawn, and his background is both brilliant and valuable. The cheap little gingerbread settlement in Sussex, nicknamed Cinder Town, refuge of post-war derelicts, serves admirably to introduce Mary Viner, her longings and rebellions. The very best of the book lies in the early chapters, which tell of her half-hearted yielding to the advances of a farmer neighbor, and her desperate flight from the prospect of a continuing drudgery as his wife. The rest—her marriage into wealth and luxury, her brief and catastrophic career as a fine lady, and her return to reënsnare the farmer—loads the reader with an increasing impatience, an increasing sense of tawdriness, partly because in structure it jerks and wobbles, and partly because it sags into an artificiality which no amount of clever and facile writing can redeem. Mr. Deeping is wonderfully deft at wringing the full significance out of descriptive words, at presenting the full savor of every episode. Yet too often the reader is surfeited by an over-savor, finds the romantic atmosphere too heavy, the realities engulfed in syrup.

E. B. H.

Tomorrow Morning, by Anne Parrish. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$2.

MISS PARRISH has here succeeded in presenting a group of individuals who spend their lives cultivating their inhibitions. *Tomorrow Morning* is a milder edition of *Main Street*. The people never get anywhere because they do not know where they want to go. Page after page is filled with the conversation of dull women upon uninteresting subjects—conversation which might have been taken down verbatim in almost any church bazaar or At Home in any small town in the country. Throughout the book there is a hushed expectancy of "tomorrow morning": one comes to share the illusion of Kate, the heroine, that then something surely must happen. But nothing ever does. Even the marriage of Kate's son, Joe, the person who is of all the most honest with himself, ends in flat failure. The environment stifles it, as it stifles all beautiful things. Futility has cast its shadow over this, as over so many modern novels.

M. E. U.

The Minister's Daughter, by Hildur Dixelius. Translated by Anna C. Settergren. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

HOW well the Scandinavians know how to handle the material of tragedy through the homely mill of bleak everyday experience! When one comes to analyze this book, it proves to contain an incredible number of the choice themes of melodrama—adultery, infanticide, suicide, murder, an execution, death from pestilence; and yet, from first to last, it moves with an effect of simplest and starkest realism. Sara Alelia Unaeus, widowed and destitute on the very day that her lover deserts her, and perceiving in this the hand of Divine Justice, retires to a remote bit of Lapland wilderness to wrest a living from

the soil and to rear her child. Bare enough, this; the soul of one woman turned inward upon itself, interpreting all earthly experience in terms of religious emotion. But around this woman there group themselves a varied circle of human beings whose sheer agonizing need draws her in pity and in duty from one human contact to another. These people are surpassingly real. The pitiful disaster of their lives is poignant to an almost unbearable degree. The book is not the story of Sara Alelia. It is a series of astonishing canvases, which yet are so skilfully and firmly interwoven that the whole is coherent, powerful and moving.

E. B. H.

Young Folk and Old Folk, by Constance Travers Sweatman. New York: William Morrow. \$2.

THIS readable and rapidly-moving novel is a good-humored presentation of the problem in responsibility encountered by high-stepping progeny faced by intelligent, sympathetic and wholly human parents. The author's impartiality towards the opposing generations is winning in its kindness and humor. Her imaginative grasp of the ideals of youth as well as those of maturity is lively and vigorous, and she shows considerable skill in the development of crucial interest in situation. The story, although lightly handled, is absorbing and will stick in the memory of the frequently baffled spectator of contemporary folk-ways.

D. B. W.

Contributors

- CARLETON BEALS, a resident of Mexico, and formerly principal of the American High School in Mexico City, is author of *Mexico, an Interpretation*, and other books.
- STUART CHASE is a member of the Labor Bureau of New York, and the author of *The Tragedy of Waste*.
- F. J. SCHLINK, a mechanical engineer-physicist, specializes in standardization and specification work. He was formerly technical assistant to the Director of the Bureau of Standards.
- ABBE NILES, a former Rhodes Scholar and now a member of the New York bar, collaborated with W. C. Handy in *Blues*, an anthology of Negro songs.
- T. V. SMITH is an associate editor of the *International Journal of Ethics*, and an instructor in philosophy at the University of Chicago.
- ELLING AANESTAD is a native of Wisconsin, now resident in New York City.
- ALFRED EDWARDS EMERSON is a member of the Department of Zoölogy in the University of Pittsburgh.
- LAWRENCE S. MORRIS contributes stories, sketches and articles to current periodicals.
- JOHN M. MANLY is head of the English Department at the University of Chicago, and author of the recently published volume, *Some New Light on Chaucer*.

THE
WHITNEY STUDIO CLUB
12th ANNUAL EXHIBITION
OF PAINTINGS AND SCULPTURE
BY
THE MEMBERS OF THE CLUB
AT
8 WEST 8TH STREET
FEBRUARY 16TH TO MARCH 5TH, 1927



Just published—three more
volumes in the popular
THE NEW SCIENCE SERIES

Edited by C. K. OGDEN

This series, written by leading scientists, aims to present the latest scientific trends and discoveries from all parts of the world.

A Short Outline of Comparative Psychology

By C. J. WARDEN, Ph.D., Columbia University

An historical sketch of what we know of animal life and behavior, beginning with an account of ancient animal lore and of Aristotle's knowledge of the mental life of the animals world, and continuing down to the modern experimental movement.

Types of Mind and Body

By E. MILLER, M.A. (Cantab.) M.R.C.S.

Psychological types are much discussed today. Which is your type? This book gives the latest classifications into which representative medical scientists have divided human beings and helps us to correctly place ourselves and those we know.

The Father in Primitive Psychology

By BRONISLAW MALINOWSKI, Ph.D., D.Sc.

What place does "The Father" occupy in primitive life? What is marriage like in savage society and how does it affect their attitude toward sex? The distinguished anthropologist gives the results of five years spent in the South Sea Islands searching for the answers to these and similar questions.

VOLUMES PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

Myth in Primitive Psychology—By Bronislaw Malinowski

Science and Poetry—By I. A. Richards

Fatalism or Freedom—By C. Judson Herrick

Price \$1.00 each

Leading booksellers everywhere carry this series. If your bookseller cannot supply you write to the publishers.

W. W. NORTON & COMPANY, INC. 70 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

TO THE PRESIDENT OF
THE UNITED STATES:

I, a citizen of the United States, respectfully request that you negotiate treaties providing for arbitration or adjudication of all disputes that may arise between the United States and other nations, beginning with Great Britain. Such treaties will automatically outlaw war between the contracting parties and inspire similar action throughout the world.

Name.....

Address.....

Date

SEND THIS PETITION TO THE AMERICAN ARBITRATION CRUSADE,
114 EAST 31ST., N. Y. C. IN RETURN YOU WILL RECEIVE PARTICULARS OF THE PLAN FOR ELIMINATING WAR, WITH LIST OF PRIZES OFFERED.

137

Leading critics of the country call Lewis Browne's book the most picturesque and absorbing story of religions ever written.

This Believing World

By the author of
"Stranger than Fiction"

Eighth large printing
Macmillan • \$3.50

The Training School for



Jewish Social Work

offers a fifteen months' course of study in Jewish Family Case Work, Child Care, Community Centers, Federations and Health Centers.

Several scholarships and fellowships ranging from \$250 to \$1,500 are available to especially qualified students.

For information, address

M. J. KARPf, Director

THE TRAINING SCHOOL FOR JEWISH SOCIAL WORK

210 West 91st Street

New York City

Professor William Lyon Phelps

says of

The Story of an Epoch Making Movement

by Maud Nathar

"It is a book that everyone interested in modern life should read."

At all Booksellers or the Publishers Doubleday, Page and Company. Postpaid \$2.50.

THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE

Program Feb. 20-26

At Cooper Union (8th St. and Astor Pl.) at 8 o'clock Admission Free

Sunday, Feb. 20—John Cowper Powys:

"Psychology of Modern Literature."

Tuesday, Feb. 22—Charles R. Stockard:

"The Skin and Individuality."

Friday, Feb. 25—Everett Dean Martin:

"What is the Matter with Modern Ideas? Modernism in Religion."

AT MANHATTAN TRADE SCHOOL

Lexington Ave. and 22d St., at 8 o'clock

Single Admission, 25 cents

Reduction for Course Tickets

Monday, Feb. 21—Morris R. Cohen:

"American Philosophy. American Religion."

Wednesday, Feb. 23—C. Stuart Gager:

"How the Scientist Works. The Life of Plants."

Thursday, Feb. 24—E. G. Spaulding:

"Questions People Expect a Philosopher to Answer. Is Change Universal?" (Bergson.)

Saturday, Feb. 26—Mortimer J. Adler:

"Psychological Relativity. The Four Geometries of the Soul. The Soul as Desire."

CAPITAL WANTED

Newly established publishing business occupying unique field desires executive and sales manager. Culture, initiative and general business experience necessary. Initial investment of \$5,000, with privilege of withdrawal if relations not satisfactory. Small salary all around till business grows. Ideal opening for right man. Address: Box 439, The New Republic.

POSITION WANTED

EXPERIENCED YOUNG WOMAN, secretarial-executive ability, college education, vision, practical training, available to progressive organization. Permanent. Christian. Knowledge shorthand. References. Address: Box 470, The New Republic.

THAT BOOK YOU WANT!

We hold 1,250,000 vols. second-hand and new, every conceivable subject. Books on approval. Also Rare Books, Out-of-Print Books and sets of Authors. Catalogues Free (20 issued). Outline requirements and interests. **FOYLES, 121 Charing Cross Road, London, England.**

ARE YOU AN INTERESTING PERSON?

Interested in the Finer Things of Life? Join AESTHETIC CIRCLE

Non Sectarian, refined membership, Weekly Parties, Socials, Dances. Address: Box 454 The New Republic.

Manhattan Beach Hotel, New York.

Live in a modern fireproof hotel by the seashore for less than in the crowded city. Home-like comforts. Moderate-priced restaurant; maid, valet and telephone service. Winter rates: \$12 per week for two. 37 minutes from Times Square, B. M. T. Telephone Sheepshead 3900.

FOR RENT

One large room with fireplace, bath and kitchen. Unfurnished. In house owned by The New Republic. Telephone Chelsea 8393.

THE LLOYD on Great South Bay

Bellport, L. I.

Open after January 27th for the accommodation of week-end parties, winter-sports groups, conferences, and permanent guests. Apply, The Lloyd, Bellport, L. I. Telephone 17 Bellport.

REAL HARRIS TWEED

The aristocrat of all sports wear—direct from makers. Patterns free. Cut lengths by post, \$2.00 per yd. Carriage paid.

NEWALL, 159 Stornoway, Scotland

"Why I Sent My Children Away To School"

Mothers and fathers everywhere have highly appreciated Mrs. Blair's article, under the above title, which appeared in a recent issue of "Harper's Magazine." It has enlightened many perplexed parents and helped them to a happy solution of the school problem for their children.

Mrs. Blair's careful study of the needs and ambitions of her own children impelled her to write a straightforward, revealing article which contains much of interest and value to parents with children of school age.

Our School Bureau will be glad to send you a copy of this article without charge, or any other information you want regarding camps, schools and colleges. Address

Harper's

M A G A Z I N E

49 East 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.

EARN \$25 WEEKLY

Spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Details FREE.

Press Syndicate, 1060, St. Louis, Mo.

FOR SALE

2 lots, 20 x 100 each, in restricted district on Plainfield Avenue, Plainfield, N. J. Bargain on quick sale. Address: Box 471, New Republic.